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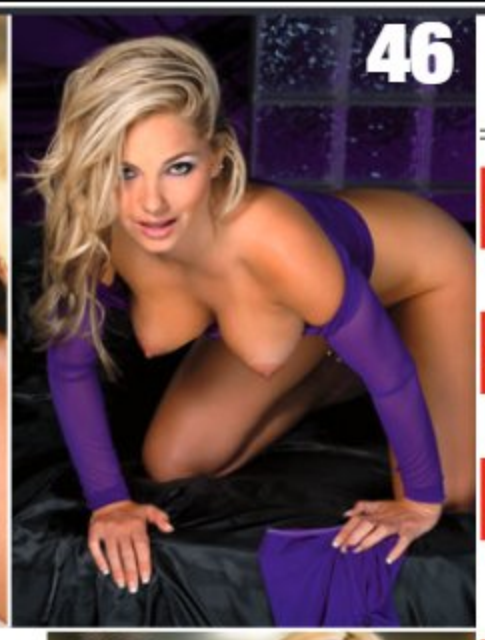

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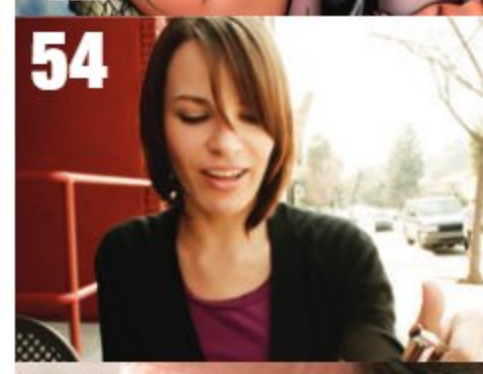

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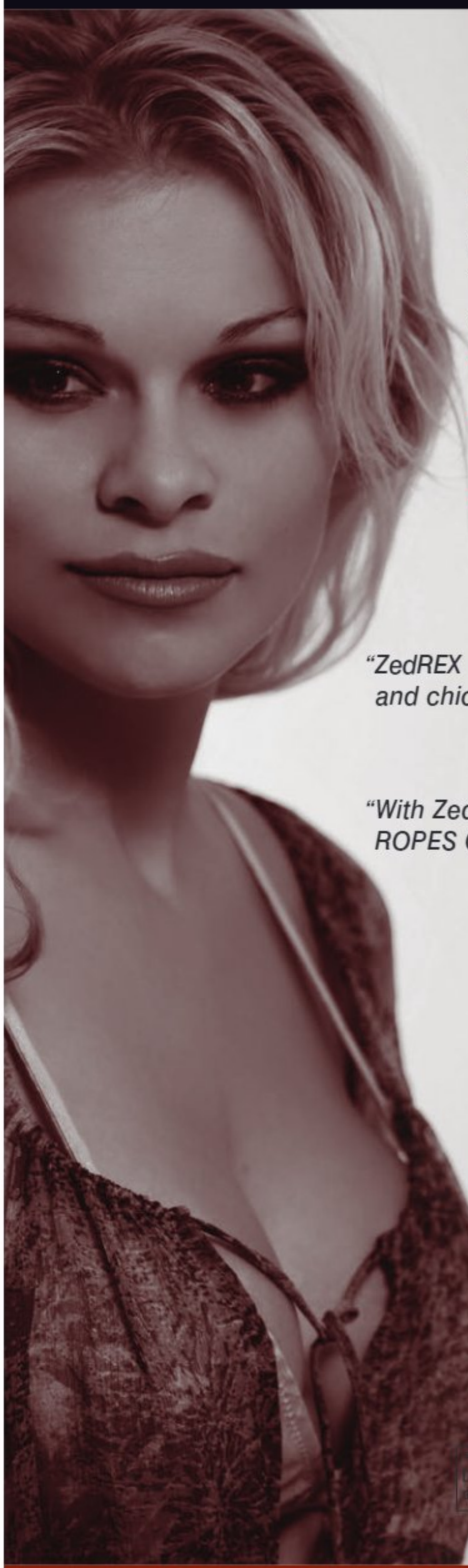

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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 36, No. 6, December 2009. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in September, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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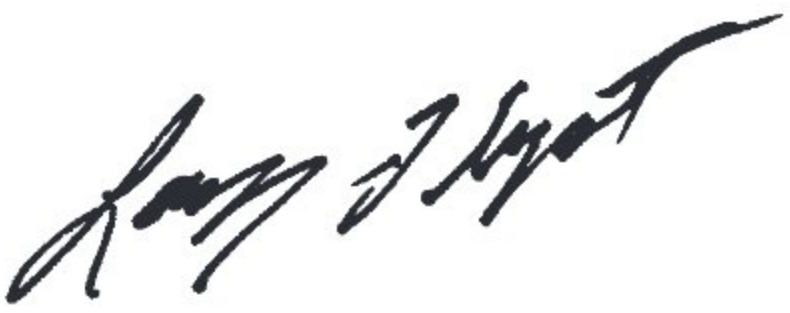
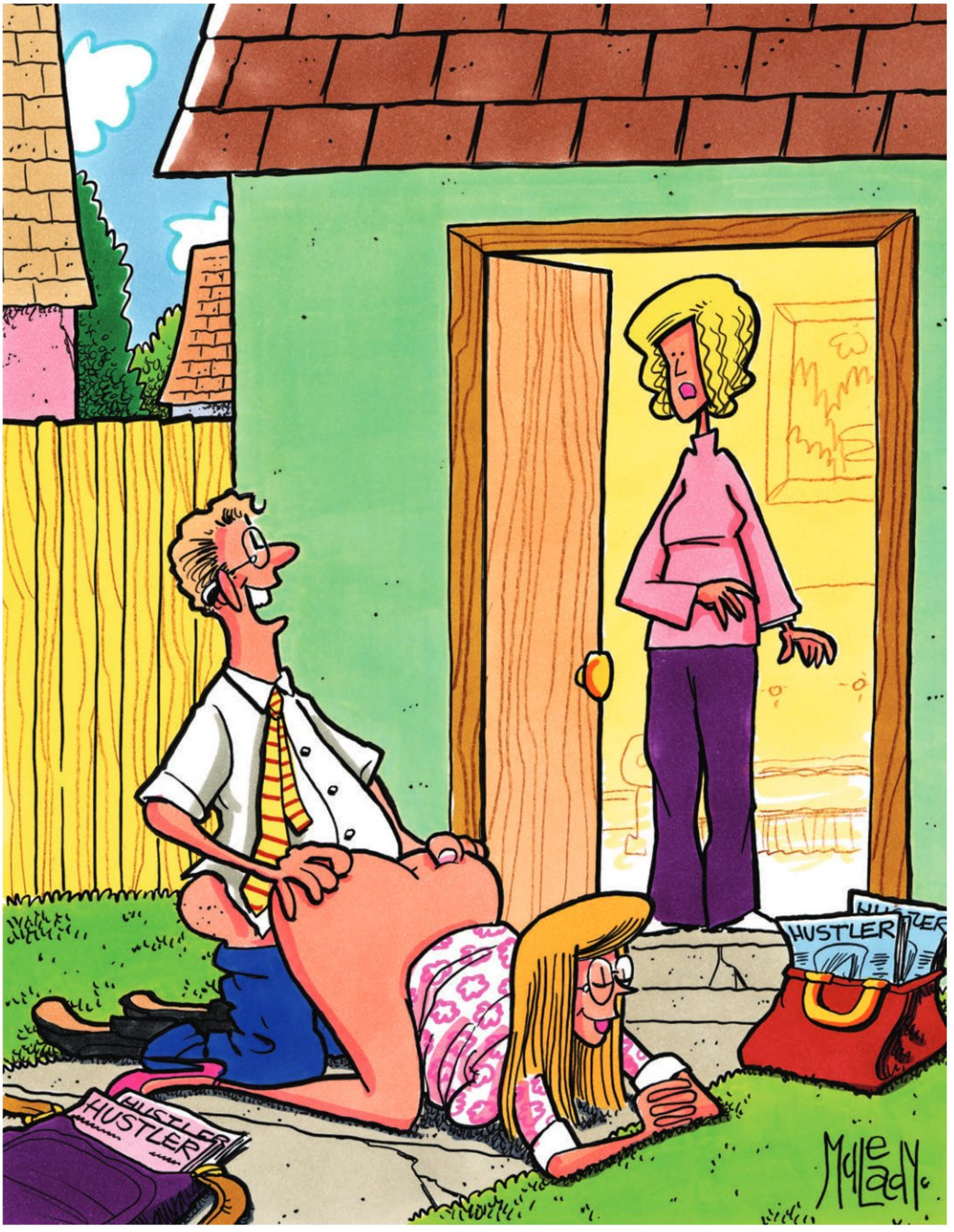
OBAMA: LOST IN THE WILDERNESS?

I do not believe our President is acting like a deer caught in the headlights, but Barack Obama has demonstrated an inability to see the forest for the trees. Instead of worrying about America's relationship with Russia, he should be addressing the problems here at home.

President Obama must get his priorities straight: civil liberties, justice for all (including those detained at Guantanamo), healthcare and a willingness to regulate financial markets that can't otherwise be controlled. Failure to act decisively and effectively on these issues will only get Obama run over by the GOP in 2012.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"We weren't having any luck selling Bibles, so we switched to HUSTLER Magazine. Have you heard the word of Larry Flynt today?"

ROCKIN' SHADES

The right pair of sunglasses can make even the dorkiest dude look cool. Don't believe us? Look at Keanu Reeves in *The Matrix*. But what if those shades could also come with a built-in MP3 player and Bluetooth headset for your phone? Then you'd really be the man. That's why you need to pick up a pair of **TriSpecs** sunglasses, which not only reduce glare, but also let you go from listening to music to talking on the phone all at the touch of a button. Plus they look cool—real cool.

Available at ***TriSpecs.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

FOR THE RECORD

Vinyl is back! Yes, more and more companies are putting out records these days. Looks like you're going to need something to play all that wax on. The new **T.55 USB Turntable** from Stanton is more than just a top-of-the-line record player. It actually allows you to plug directly into your computer and turn your records into digital MP3 files. The sleek unit is perfect for everyone from the record collector junkie to the casual fan who wants an old-school experience.

Available at ***StantonDJ.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.

LAPTOP, NOT LAP DANCE!

The new **mX-L** notebook from Maingear is the perfect computer for the pro on the go. (No, not that kind of pro.) It features a 13.3-inch LED screen, Intel Core Duo T9800 CPU, Intel X25-M Solid State Drive and integrated 1.3-megapixel Webcam. The **mX-L** also has up to 8GB of DDR2 RAM and runs on Windows Vista Home. The best part? You can win one. Not just the factory model, but this supercool, one-of-a-kind, custom HUSTLER Maingear notebook computer. See details below.

Available at ***Maingear.com***. Suggested retail price: $1,099.

USE THE FORCE

The folks at Jakks Pacific are back with another nifty game in their affordable plug-and-play line. The latest, based on the *Star Wars* animated series *Clone Wars*, features a drastically redesigned controller shaped like a fighter's stick for more mobility in your intergalactic battles. The best part is all you need is a TV to get your game on.

Available at ***JakksPacific.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.99.

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

The Beatles Rock Band

EA

PS3, Xbox 360

John, Paul, George and Ringo are all together again! This exciting new game features over 45 classic Fab Four tracks (more are downloadable), stunning graphics and the ability to play in five historic venues, including *The Ed Sullivan Show*, the Cavern Club and the Rooftop Concert. It plays with your standard ***Rock Band*** instruments, but we have a feeling you're gonna want to buy the full setup. Why? ***The Beatles Rock Band*** boasts dead-on replicas of John's Rickenbacker 325 guitar, Paul's Hofner bass, George's Gretsch Duo Jet guitar and Ringo's drums.

STEAMPUNK ROCK

Damnation

Codemasters

PS3/Xbox 360

Welcome to the world's first steampunk first-person vertical shooter game. It's unlike any other game we've seen. ***Damnation*** blends movement and combat in three dimensions covering a massive streaming environment. You can kill anyone and go anywhere in the world to complete your goal. ***Damnation*** is damn good!

KICK BASS

Shimano Xtreme Fishing

Mastiff

Wii

This ain't your daddy's fishing game! The name says it all as ***Shimano*** pushes the limits of the sport to the extreme. See, it's in the name. You can hunt and attack your aquatic prey with a rod, a bow or spear. ***Shimano Xtreme Fishing*** will give you and your Wii controller a much better workout than you'll get sitting around holding your pole.

BALL BREAKERS

Pangya Golf

Tomy

PSP

What do we like about a game that features supersexy, young-looking (yet clearly legal), scantily clad females? Everything! Hell, we would like ***Pangya Golf*** even if all the babes did was read from a phone book. Luckily, besides the eye candy, this game is a ton of fun. You can enjoy several holes of free range golf in exciting environments with several unique clubs. Ah, who are we kidding? The ability to strip the chicks down and dress them any way you wish is our favorite feature, but we're just perverts.

Robert Rubin's Free Pass

THE FORMER CABINET MEMBER WHO PLAYED A BIG PART IN DESTROYING OUR ECONOMY HAS PROSPERED, BUT THAT'S JUST PART OF HIS LEGACY.

They don't break the laws; they write them. The case of Citigroup, a company saved from bankruptcy by an infusion of 50 billion taxpayer dollars and a guarantee of another $300 billion in public funds for their toxic assets and its director (former Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin) tells you what you need to know about *The Great American Stickup*. That's the title of my new book on the causes of the banking meltdown.

It's all about the platinum revolving door. As the name implies, a golden revolving door is a particularly lucrative passage between the highest halls of public and corporate power. In Robert Rubin's case, however, it may well have been platinum.

Few, if any, in American history have profited from their time in government "service" as profoundly as President Bill Clinton's Treasury secretary, yet a sycophantic press never saw anything untoward in Rubin's cashing out so shamelessly—at least until it could no longer ignore his role in the destruction of our economy.

Few, if any, in American history have profited from their time in government "service" as profoundly as President Bill Clinton's Treasury secretary.

In fact, Rubin was depicted frequently as something of a martyr in his service to the nation and incoming President Clinton. So when Rubin jumped directly from Treasury secretary to a $15-million-a-year job at Citigroup—after working assiduously to deregulate Wall Street—he received what amounted to a free pass for such a shameless money grab.

Who could blame him, right? After his time slumming in the political trenches and indulging his liberal and civic instincts, went the portrait, Rubin had been released to return to the challenging and exciting world of high finance from whence he came, having already earned megamillions earlier as chairman of Goldman Sachs.

That work was often described by others as a challenge to his skills and intellect, rather than simply an opportunity to amass even greater wealth. Rubin's own 2003 memoir endorses this view. Only once did Rubin find himself embarrassed, yet not prosecuted, for an exposed contradiction to his public image: his role in Citigroup's attempt to save a crashing Enron.

Radical state and federal deregulation had been key to Enron's booming growth from a power producer and deliverer to a trading company profiting by making bets on the rise and fall of the very energy prices it was manipulating. When Enron, which only two years earlier was a Wall Street darling with unparalleled Beltway influence, fell into a rapid death spiral at the turn of the millennium, Citigroup—along with JP Morgan, the firm's major creditor—rushed to its aid.

So it was that Rubin, on November 8, 2001, decided to intervene on behalf of Enron by putting in a call to one of his old associates, who was then making a critical decision concerning the fate of the company. Later, embarrassed, Rubin would claim to have been acting on behalf of the public and greater good, as if he were a superhuman above the normal laws and morality related to conflict of interest that pertains to mere mortals.

The immediate issue that pushed Rubin to use his power of access was the prospect of credit rating agencies downgrading Enron's stock to junk status. Rubin would later explain in his memoir that he was trying to protect a possible merger deal between Enron and energy rival Dynegy—without noting that Citigroup stood to make tens of millions as a fee for facilitating it.

"In that context," Rubin writes, "I placed a call to Peter Fisher, a senior official at the Treasury Department, whom I had known when he was at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. I asked Peter whether he thought it would make sense for him or someone else at Treasury to place a call to the rating agencies and suggest briefly holding up any downgrade of Enron's debt while the banks considered putting in more money."

Fisher rejected the idea and reported the call to his superiors. While conceding that it was "probably a bad idea" then, Rubin, in his memoir, defends the ethics involved, claiming that he would do the same again because he was trying to avoid "a significant economic shock for the country."

Disingenuous is the defining word for Rubin here. What rubbish to suggest that an important public policy concern led to the call, when it was in fact the parochial concern about Citigroup's exposure that was at work here.

In fact, with the sainted Rubin aboard in a top role, Citigroup used its capital—political and economic—to fuel Enron's rise, helped it hide its spiraling debt and tried to manipulate the government and rating agencies to hide its imminent doom from the common investor and company employee. Over eight years, Rubin cleared $126 million from Citigroup even as it was heading for the shoals of its own destruction, enabled by his own deregulation efforts under Clinton, especially the repeal of Glass-Steagal legislation, which allowed Citibank and Travelers to merge, forming the world's largest bank-holding company.

So much for the promise by dereg advocates like Rubin and former Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan that the banks would regulate themselves. Bizarrely, however, despite all the press coverage Enron's corruption earned, Citigroup's deep involvement, well known since 2002, in no significant way affected Rubin's esteem or credibility in the media or within the Democratic Party.

No surprise then that Rubin protégés Timothy Geithner and Lawrence Summers are now running the Obama Administration's welfare-for-bankers program.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

I KNOW WHAT SHIT IS, BUT WHAT THE HECK IS SHINOLA?

WINNERS

SUDDENLY JAMES REALIZED HIS BOY WASN'T TOO BRIGHT

Obama's War on Individual Privacy

WHY ISN'T THE CURRENT PRESIDENT ALARMED THAT THE BUSH-CHENEY EAVESDROPPING TECHNOLOGY IS MORE INVASIVE THAN EVER?

I have an ever-growing reference folder documenting our new President's dismantling of the Constitution. It's labeled "George W. Obama." Under the Bush-Cheney regime, Americans' Fourth Amendment rights to be free of invasions of their privacy by our government plummeted as we were databased into a society under ever-increasing surveillance. And under Obama, he and his ultraloyal attorney general, Eric Holder, have done nothing meaningful to bring to truly lawful accountability the supersecret, privacy-invading National Security Agency.

How many Americans know about the NSA's intimate knowledge of us through its enormous Cray supercomputer, whose code identifier is the "Black Widow"?

The "NSA is now designing an artificial intelligence system that is designed to anticipate your every move."

As described by the *Baltimore Sun*'s national security correspondent, David Wood (October 26, 2008), the Black Widow "scans millions of domestic and international phone calls and e-mails every hour" as it performs "hundreds of trillions of calculations per second" while it searches through and reassembles "key words and patterns" of Americans' communications in order to track moles endangering national security.

You can't get the Black Widow to remove your name because you have no way of knowing it's there. To learn more about our constant companion, the key is *The Shadow Factory: The Ultra-Secret NSA from 9/11 to the Eavesdropping on America* (Doubleday) by James Bamford, who has penetrated deeper into that insatiable maw than George Orwell could have even imagined.

What most startled me in Bamford's most recent book was the NSA's development of "an artificial intelligence system designed to know what people are thinking," known as AQUAINT (Advanced Question Answering for Intelligence). This may sound like what used to be popularly known as science fiction, but Mr. Bamford deals in facts, as I know from interviewing him, as well as from reading his remarkable books.

Another national town crier is rankled by our accelerating, vanishing privacy under President Obama, who pledged before taking office and continues to do so that his administration would operate "under an unprecedented level of openness."

John Whitehead, founder of the Rutherford Institute in Charlottesville, Virginia, is an invaluable reporter and analyst of deepening threats to our liberties from imperious Presidential administrations that our Founders believed would be restrained by the Constitution. In Whitehead's May 11, 2009, commentary he warned that the "NSA is now designing an artificial intelligence system that is designed to anticipate your every move."

Through AQUAINT—which makes the Black Widow seem demure—"no information," Whitehead continues, "is sacred or spared. Everything from cell phone recordings and logs, to statements, to library circulation records, to credit card histories, etc., is collected by the NSA."

"Citing concerns over the dangers in placing such a powerful weapon in the hands of a top-secret agency with little accountability," one NSA researcher actually quit the program. Yet we hear not even a cautionary word, let alone a note of alarm, about the National Security Agency from the President or from any Congressional committee.

As another example of how the ceaseless reach of technology swallows privacy, an increasing number of Americans are delighted to attach a global positioning system (GPS) to their cars or other vehicles. It's a wonderful help. When I have to venture into Queens—a large, dense borough of New York City—I make sure the car service I hire is equipped with a GPS.

Police investigators, I find, are also growing fond of the GPS. This is how a recent decision in *People* v. *Weaver* by New York State's highest court, the Court of Appeals, began: "In the early morning hours of December 21, 2005, a State Police investigator crept underneath defendant's street-parked van and placed a global positioning system (GPS) tracking device inside the bumper. The device remained in place for 65 days, constantly monitoring the position of the van. This nonstop surveillance was conducted without a warrant."

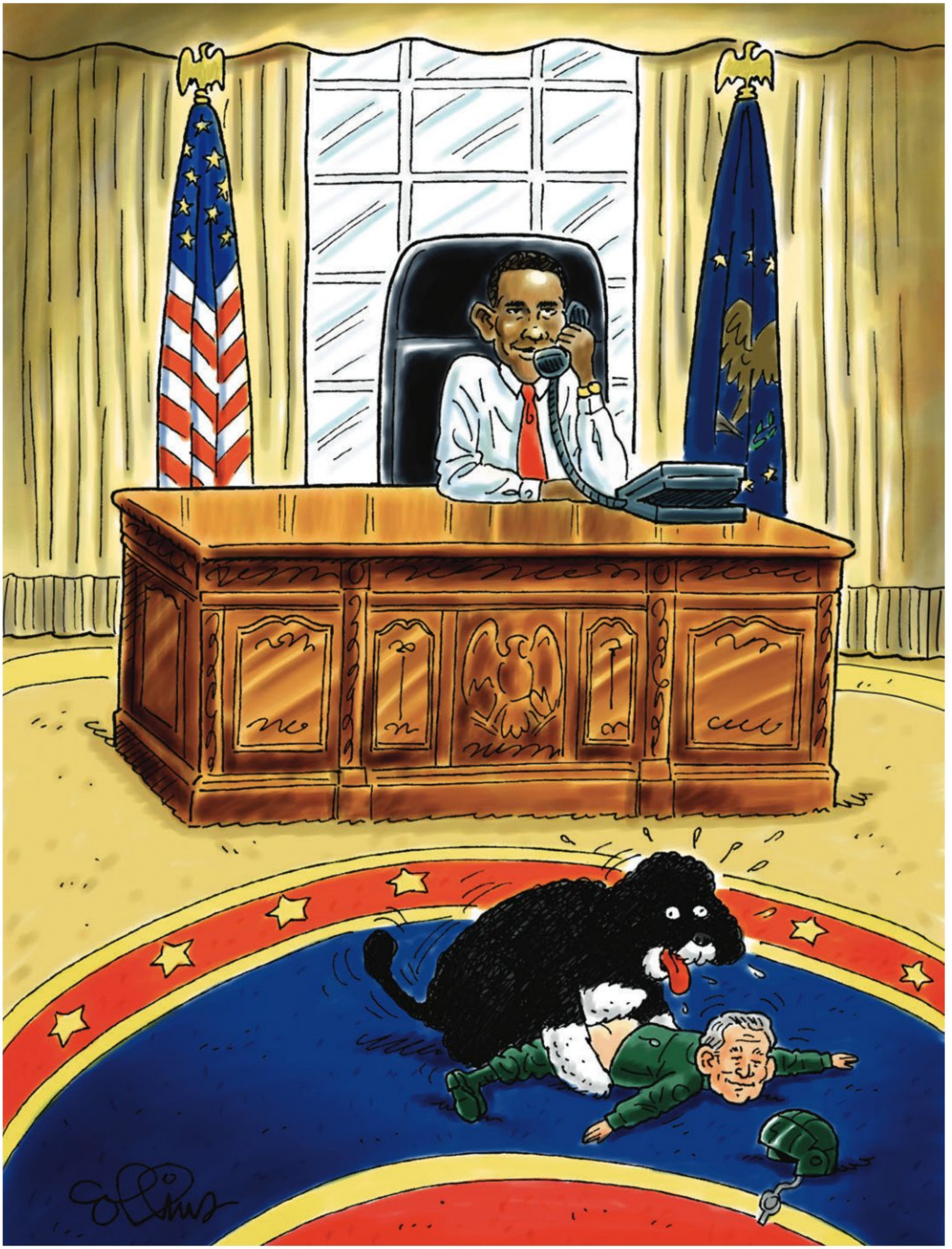
Also, as the National Association of Criminal Defense lawyers emphasizes, this way of covertly "observing, collecting and memorializing a person's every movement implicates First Amendment freedom of association as well."

The driver of the aforementioned van, Scott Weaver, was convicted—on just circumstantial evidence—of burglary and attempted grand larceny. A lower court had ruled that the GPS did not violate Weaver's rights any more than a cop tailing a car. But, in a landmark decision, the State of New York Court of Appeals insisted that police must get a judicial warrant before implanting a GPS device.

But what will the U.S. Supreme Court say when the nine final deciders have to confront the GPS—not necessarily from New York State but from a defendant convicted via a planted GPS in another jurisdiction? Federal courts around the country are split on the issue, so it's very likely to reach all the way up. On a 5-4 decision, a new Obama appointee, like Sonia Sotomayor, could make the difference. "Of 90 criminal law-related" cases considered by federal appellate judge Sotomayor since January 2002," the McClatchy Newspapers' Washington Bureau reported, "she's sided with the government 65 times and prisoners and defendants 25 times."

As jazz legend Fats Waller used to say, "One never knows, do one?"

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*



"Oh, nothin' much, just watching Bo butt-humping a George Bush doll."

A Rush to Judgment

IS RUSH LIMBAUGH CRAZY OR CRAZY LIKE A FOX?

The subject of today's lecture, boys and girls, is that demon of the airwaves, that purveyor of lies and distortion, the radio performer most hated by liberals, Rush Limbaugh. You may hate me for saying this, but he is the most talented and entertaining of all his contemporaries. As one broadcaster looking at another, I believe Limbaugh is just about the best there is at what he does. Strip away the politics and just listen to his virtuosity; you can't help but recognize his talent.

I get a lot of flack for this opinion. What are you, some right-winger? That's the epithet most often hurled my way. In fact, I am a leftist, but I recognize the strength of my enemy.

Limbaugh wasn't the first in-your-face talk show host. Joe Pyne, who made L.A. his home turf, preceded Limbaugh by many years. This was back in the days when syndication wasn't in play, so a local host usually remained just that. Or got, at best, very limited distribution. Pyne was confrontational, yelling at callers he didn't agree with. "Get off the phone, creep!" he'd say before hanging up on them. To save my life, I couldn't tell you what Pyne's politics were. In those days the yelling and screaming were more important than the actual discussion. We called it "fist fight radio." His ratings were massive.

My first talk show job was in Houston, where my boss had me do a Joe Pyne-type show. As with Pyne, my numbers went through the roof. Many times we'd link up two people on the phone and let them fight it out. I'd just sit back and collect the paycheck.

In New York City in the late '70s it was Bob Grant. As opposed to Pyne (whom Grant admitted influenced him), Bob added a distinctly conservative attitude to his outrageous actions. When David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz was arrested, Grant told his listeners to descend on the jail and lynch him. You can hear echoes of Pyne and Grant in Rush Limbaugh.

As a young man, Rush bummed around trying to decide what to do with his life. In the '70s he dabbled in Top 40 radio. Then he got a job as director of promotions for the Kansas City Royals baseball team. In 1984 he landed at KFBK in Sacramento, California, as a talk show host.

He was doing moderately well when Ronald Reagan repealed broadcasting's Fairness Doctrine in 1987. The change allowed a station to air political comment without an opposing viewpoint. Seizing on the opportunity, Limbaugh went hog wild. Within a year he was syndicated nationally out of New York City.

Today he claims to have 20 million listeners. Since most talk show hosts crunch the numbers to boost the size of their audience, his claim is open to question. Just the same, no one can argue that Limbaugh has the largest audience in radio. With that comes clout.

There are several keys to Limbaugh's success. First, his voice, which has a deep, raspy tone that, along with his melodic delivery, creates a hypnotic quality that can draw you in. Next, Rush brings you into this fake world he's created. It is really a Lilliput to his Gulliver. Once you accept this environment, all the distortions and mistruths somehow make sense. In this fake world he is never wrong. Accept his world, and you become an acolyte. Don't, and he can drive you mad.

All of this makes Limbaugh a very impressive person. But it's how the Left reacts that makes him truly powerful. Liberals attribute powers to him he doesn't have—or at least wouldn't have if the Left didn't make him a focal point of its disdain and rage. To ignore Rush would be to disempower him. But liberals are too gullible and too hysterical to let that happen. They are the mice to Rush's cat—and Rush loves playing with his food.

Like a recluse, Limbaugh lives and broadcasts in a Florida manse, pretty much by himself, with very little influence from the outside world. Outside influence would ruin the weird fantasy world he has created for himself and his audience.

Remember, Rush is just a talk show host with no plans for political office. He probably cares more about his checkbook than he does about politics. Indeed, he is only into the politics of self: more audience, which means more advertisers, which means more money in his pocket. The money allows him to buy the mind-numbing drugs he has been accused of using, which, in turn, allows him to continue living in the small and claustrophobic world he has created for himself.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

"Paul, our insurance company won't pay for the operations you need. They say it's because they don't feel like it."

What Happened to George?

A HOMELESS VETERAN SYMBOLIZES A NATIONAL TRAVESTY.

I first saw George on a cold January morning in 2001 when I pulled into the parking lot of the post office. He sat on the curb with a hand-lettered cardboard sign: "Disabled Vietnam Vet. Please help!"

George wore a thin jacket over a sweatshirt, the hood pulled over his black baseball cap to shelter him from a chilly drizzle. He was African American, skinny, long fingers gripping the damp cardboard, stubbled chin resting on his knees, thin ankles in battered shoes.

My post office errand done, I watched him through the rhythm of the windshield wipers. George's face remained impassive as cars went by. If he harbored expectations one would stop and give him a handout, he hid them behind cheap V.A.-issue spectacles, spattered with raindrops.

I dug $20 out of my purse and started the car. Vietnam is a war I am intimately familiar with. At the entrance of the driveway, I rolled the passenger-side window down and waved the bill. He got up, and I could see there was some stiffness—a leg or hip problem, perhaps his back. He took the money. His fingers were cold and dry. He smiled a little. "Thank you, ma'am. God bless."

"Blessings to you, brother. Take care of yourself."

George was there nearly every time I went to the post office through the last carefree part of 2001, through 9/11, through the dark years of Bush-Cheney fascism with their endless lust for worldwide military domination. Although George was a homeless veteran of a war waged four decades earlier, he symbolized the real cost of our dangerous hubris.

Broken and reduced to begging, George was the end product of the attitude that our way is not just the right way but the *only* way. If countries do not do what we say, or if they have resources we want, we will impose our military might on them. Notice how well that worked for Rome, England, Spain and Nazi Germany.

Eventually, George set up shop at the traffic light across the street from the post office, finding it easier on his back and legs to lean against the large metal box that housed the traffic signal controls. I would occasionally see George a few miles away, holding an old carry-on bag by the handle, eyes shaded by the black ball cap, limping in his old shoes, making his way slowly to a bus stop. I wondered if he had a shelter for the night or just a special place beneath a freeway overpass.

George was a signpost. The U.S. Department of Veteran Affairs estimates that every night in this country more than 130,000 American veterans sleep on the streets. Probably one in three homeless people here in the Land of the Free are veterans. We have not yet seen the full impact on soldiers returning from Iraq and Afghanistan.

These are our veterans. The ones we called upon, sometimes against their will, to fight and die for oil, gas pipelines, bananas, copper, diamonds, air bases or some other tangible asset. Almost never have they fought for the stated purposes of America's wars: freedom, human rights, women's rights, voting rights. And when our veterans return home, our leaders pay them only lip service.

There are many Georges—sleeping in doorways and alleys, panhandling at freeway off-ramps, walking endlessly with everything they own in a shopping cart. Do they wonder what they sacrificed their lives, limbs, sanity and pride for? Do we wonder too?

Think of this: For the cost of one B-2 bomber, a shade more than $2 billion, we could save all the Georges, make our veterans programs really work, fix our healthcare system and feed hungry children. Just one fucking airplane!

George went absent from his corner about a year ago. I discovered others who were taking care of George too, giving him money, sandwiches, water on hot days and coffee when it was cold. We talked about him around the counter in the post office, wondering anxiously if he was sick or worse. George returned after a few weeks with an aluminum walker, thinner and frail-looking.

Rising up to get the 20 was a struggle for him. I waited patiently, holding up traffic while he stood. Eventually I realized parking and walking was an easier way to give him his money. George's eyes were dimmer behind his scratched glasses, but he always managed a smile and a thank-you.

PHOTO COURTESY MAMIE VAN DOREN

George disappeared for a final time in May 2009. I have not spoken to his other benefactors yet, but I know they must have looked for him and felt the emptiness. I only hope George understood that in an anonymous and yet intensely personal way, we loved him.

A few days ago I passed George's corner. On top of the traffic signal control box that George used to lean against was a battered black ball cap. Like the helmet of a fallen soldier hung over the butt of his rifle, it was a signal that George was gone. I stared at the cap until the light changed, thinking of a line in a George Santayana poem: "Only the dead have seen the end of war."

Peace, George.

Mamie Van Doren starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty seventysomething wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.

Obama Dilemma

I have to say, it's bitterly amusing to observe HUSTLER slowly losing faith in our once-promising President. After Larry Flynt cheered the Obama campaign and told us all to vote for him, I've watched as each editorial and article about Obama has gotten more critical and angry—and rightfully so.

I too voted for change. But Obama is underestimating the scale of the economic crisis and the level of social injustice (i.e., looting and fraud) being perpetrated in our country right now. The bailout tab has reached $24 trillion, California and other states are cutting basic services, civil liberties and basic rights eroded under Bush haven't been restored, the CIA is still torturing people, and on and on.

We, the true Democrats, need to organize a movement of Obama supporters and demand he make good on his promises. He's a politician. Everything he does is aimed at consolidating his power base and keeping himself in the White House. We need to make clear to him that we're the ones who decide whether he gets a second term or not. **—R.J.**
Emerado, North Dakota

Out of Control

How many gods does my government have? There's the FCC, which tells me what I can or cannot hear and see. The FDA tells me what is legal to smoke, eat and drink. Not only are the government's agencies control freaks, they tax the shit out of everything.

How can this country be so broke? In some places eating pussy or getting a blowjob can still land you in jail. I bet all those Washington hypocrites give their women cock meat sandwiches with a jug of booze in her hand, cigar smoke blowing out of her cunt and profanity blaring from the TV. They should remove their noses from my ass and let me get on with my pursuit of happiness too.
—Gregory Podsada
Trevor, Wisconsin

Hitching Post

In her pictorial [*Bedroom Eyes*, July '09], Sadie West said that men just want to fuck porn stars, not settle down with one. That's definitely not true. Sadie is absolutely beautiful, with what may be the loveliest pussy I've ever seen. If she would consider an older-but-still-handsome guy, I would settle down with her and have kids (even though, at 53, I wasn't planning on it). Ladies, don't underestimate a man in love! **—R. W. C.**
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Line? What Line?

A letter writer in your August '09 issue complained about "Klan toons." What's wrong with Klan toons? Sick jokes and laughing at ourselves are HUSTLER traditions! Any true fan knows that. If you read HUSTLER long enough, sooner or later you're going to see something that offends you. No one is spared! Don't change a thing, HUSTLER.
—Justise Walker
Victoria, Canada

Public Ed. 101

In his *Publisher's Statement* "Is It Socialism?" [September '09], Larry Flynt cites education as a public funding necessity. Does he really believe our public education is worth much when we're way behind other countries when it comes to basics like math and science? Lately, charter schools (which are publicly funded but are run more like private schools and are accountable for student achievement) are outperforming regular public schools. Maybe a public-private model like that is the way forward.

I would like to remind Larry Flynt that capitalism has made him rich, but if he wants public spending, Obama may be coming after his profits. Worship the Anointed One at your peril, for he may one day bite you in the ass. **—Charles Schlimbaum**
Stuart, Florida

July '09 bachelorette Sadie West brought men to their knees.

The case for charter schools may not be as good as you think. According to a recent Stanford University study that compared math and reading scores, charter schools, on average, have not performed as well as traditional schools.

Blond Blowback

I must protest the overuse of blond bimbos in your layouts. The September '09 issue featured seven girls, and five were blond. Let's see more Asians, Latinas and black girls! Blondes are getting boring.
—Albert Osusky
Succasunna, New Jersey

Equal Time

Call me traditional, but my favorite type of person has got to be a long-haired blonde with big tits. My current fixation: the adorable Bree Olson. What does that ball-achingly cute filly need to do to get on the cover of your magazine?

I also dream of seeing Bree in a two-girl layout with the woefully under-represented D-cupper Sophia Rossi. A couple of years ago you used Sophia's picture in a BEST OF HUSTLER table of contents. It was the first time I jerked off to a page guide! **—Stephen Bahnsen**
Chicago, Illinois

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

Monsanto: The Future of Food

Critics say we are trying to destroy agricultural diversity by creating a monopoly that will endanger the entire planet. But we just want to make food better. That's why we're the leader in genetically engineered (and patented) foods.

We will do whatever it takes to get control of the world's food supply, including pressure tactics, collusion, corruption and influence on government officials at home and abroad. If all goes well, one day soon we'll own every seed for every vegetable in existence.

Don't worry about those aforementioned critics; they'll come around when they realize that if they want to eat, we're the only game in town.

MONSANTO

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a political parody about a corporation's evil plan to control the world's food supply. For more information, check out **SeedsOfDeception.com** or the frightening documentary DVD *The World According to Monsanto.* This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Alexia Kelley

Honestly, we're not sure who the real Asshole should be—Alexia Kelley or President Obama for appointing her to head the Department of Health and Human Services' Center for Faith-Based and Neighborhood Partnerships.

We understand Obama's thing about bringing political opponents into his government, à la Abraham Lincoln, but come on! Kelley, an anti-choice zealot, will have the power to reduce abortion access in an agency charged with expanding it, or at least facilitating it. Given that, you might think Obama should be our nominee for Asshole of the Month. But since we still want to give the Prez time to prove himself, we'll focus on the holier-than-thou Kelley.

As founder of Catholics in Alliance for the Common Good (CACG), Kelley is not just anti-abortion but also anti-contraception. Hello? If you are against abortions, shouldn't you be for birth control? Most mainstream Catholics have dismissed anti-contraception church doctrine as a quaint, unsophisticated relic of the Middle Ages. Not Kelley. According to blogger Francis Kissling, Kelley is so anti-choice, she comes across as "more Catholic than the Pope." While the CACG claims its agenda is "seeking common ground" with those in favor of choice, what's clear is that there isn't a lot of real estate to stand on.

Kelley's way of reducing the abortion rate, for example, is to pay pregnant women to go full-term. That includes funding programs for job creation, primary and prenatal healthcare and nutrition. But Kelley's study, which purported to show a reduction in abortions as the result of such programs, has been largely discredited.

Logic alone, it would seem, negates Kelley's position on how to reduce abortions. How can you strive to reduce abortions while at the same time oppose comprehensive sex education? It stands to reason that if you provide information on sexual reproduction, women will be better able to avoid unwanted pregnancies. But, gosh, that would mean disseminating information on contraception, wouldn't it? And that's against Kelley's beliefs as a Catholic.

Just look at what the CACG has to say about abortion: "We support full legal protection for unborn children as a requirement of justice and as a matter of essential human rights."

Is Kelley the ideal person to hold a "faith-based" government position? Or should Obama have appointed someone from, say, Catholics for Choice, a progressive organization that's been around far longer than the CACG?

Let's examine the root of Kelley's beliefs: Catholicism itself. Adherents are told that the Pope is infallible. So if he says abortion is wrong, then it must, perforce, be wrong. Someone who is infallible, by definition, can't be wrong—the 1992 pardoning (or absolution) of Galileo not withstanding. Damn that Galileo with his scientific trickery about the Earth not being the center of the universe! Damn those telescopes!

And, of course, the Vatican wasn't wrong to blame the death of Jesus on the Jews, setting in motion centuries of anti-Semitic violence that led directly to the Holocaust in Nazi Germany—and the deaths of six million Jews. Nor was the Vatican wrong during the Spanish Inquisition when countless "heretics" were tortured to death. And how about its claim that all non-Catholics are going to hell? Could all that be wrong? No! Impossible! Unless, of course, the Catholic Church has, throughout history, zealously embraced stupidity and ignorance. Which is more likely? Infallible? Stupid?

The church seems to agree with the latter, since it has admitted those aforementioned precepts were wrong. Probably some heavenly static on the direct line to God. And let's not get into that nastiness about the Vatican's protection of pedophile priests.

Regarding abortions, Kelley maintains that this time the Pope is most certainly correct. Abortion is wrong; birth control is wrong; sex education is wrong. The Pope couldn't be blowing smoke up our ass again, could he?

But what about global warming? Overpopulation? That couldn't possibly be a valid reason for birth control, could it? (It's not okay to abort a zygote, but apparently it *is* okay to abort all life on our planet.) And what about those who choose abortion because they can't afford to provide the child with a good home? Does Kelley plan on providing cash to such women *after* they give birth?

More than anything, however, we wonder by what right Kelley thinks she should impose her religious beliefs on everyone else. Oh, yeah, by divine right taken from a book written by people who thought that the world was flat and that if you could throw a stone high enough, you would break the sky.

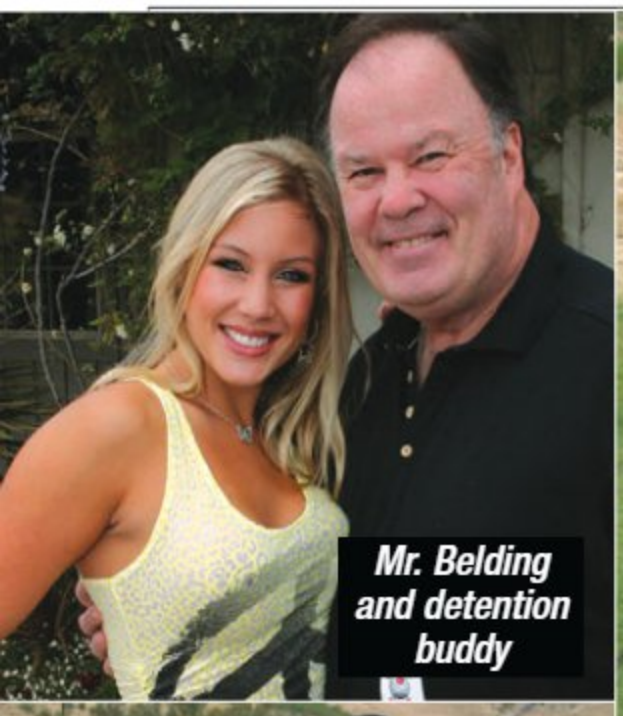
Since Kelley's religious beliefs are so much a part of her life, it's only fair to ask how she found Catholicism. Was it by thoroughly investigating every spiritual philosophy? Or was it a sudden moment of blinding insight after years of searching, introspection and meditation? Oh, that's right. Kelley was born into it! It's so much easier that way. You believe what your parents believe. You know, the more we think about it, the more convinced we are that Kelley is the right choice for Asshole of the Month.

But what about Obama? He's not Catholic. It's worth noting, though, that the CACG is generally credited with pushing the conservative voters of Kansas into electing Democrat Kathleen Sebelius governor in 2006. (She's now Secretary of Health and Human Services.) The CACG is also believed to have helped Obama pull in Catholic voters. Could the Sebelius and Kelley appointments be political payback? Can you say business as usual?

FARTS IN THE WIND

•MAX BAUCUS, who chairs the Senate Finance Committee hearings on healthcare reform, is a shill for the private healthcare and insurance industry. After pocketing millions in campaign contributions from his corporate masters, Baucus is trying to tax healthcare benefits that American workers fought hard for—often by accepting lower wages. And, believe it or not, this putrid gasbag calls himself a Democrat! In a recent committee hearing with 15 industry speakers, not one represented the single-payer-plan perspective. When a group of doctors, lawyers and activists protested the proceedings, Baucus had several of them arrested.

"And then Jesus said, 'Governor Sanford, eat that Latin pussy!'"



Mr. Belding and detention buddy

Survivor star Jeri Manthey

Talk about a hole in one!

Here's Vince Neil with his wife and future wife.

VINCE NEIL'S GOT BALLS

For the 13th year in a row the Mötley Crüe singer's charity golf event took over the Lost Canyons Golf Club in Simi Valley, California. The outing raises money for the Skylar Neil Foundation, which helps various organizations in the fight against cancer, leukemia and AIDS. On hand for this year's 18 holes were reality star Jeri Manthey, Dennis Haskins (the dude who played Mr. Belding on *Saved by the Bell*) and dozens of gorgeous porn stars led by Nikki Jayne and Brittney Skye.

PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

"Familiarity breeds contempt—and children." —MARK TWAIN, WRITER

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

Comedian Charlie Murphy is one funny motherfucker who loves our magazine. His brother Eddie Murphy probably does too but won't admit it. Check out our interview with the *Chappelle's Show* alum on page 94.

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

PORN FROM THE PAST

We love a girl who is willing to take charge. Thanks to R.H. of Rochester, New York, for this photo.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER, Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

Check out HUSTLERMagazine.com

NEWSBITES

Dead Wrong

The mayor of the small Brazilian town of Biritiba-Mirim has come up with a unique plan to deal with its already-full cemeteries. Attempting to ban death, he's pushing a law that would inflict fines and possible jail time on relatives of the recently deceased. The dimwit hopes the new law will encourage his constituents to live healthier lives. We think it might inspire them to tell the mayor to "drop dead."

Smugglers Blues

Customs officials in Los Angeles had their hands full recently when they busted a smuggler covered in contraband. What was the illegal cargo? Cocaine? Religious artifacts? Nope. Forty-six-year-old Sony Dong was discovered with 14 Asian songbirds hooked to his socks. He was promptly arrested and the birds put into quarantine. Wait, the guy's name is Sony Dong? Seriously?

Medical Waste

And we couldn't get a bailout?! How are the genius doctors at the New York Psychiatric Institute spending a $400,000 grant from the National Institutes of Health? Conducting a two-year research project exploring why gay men have risky sex in Argentina. Researchers have visited gay bars nightly in Buenos Aires to question patrons about their sexual behavior and substance abuse. Sounds like an excuse for a bunch of gay *Yanquis* to vacation together in South America.

Shocking Granny

Here's a combination of words you thought you'd never hear together: Tasered and grandmother. You read it right. Some overzealous cops in Austin, Texas, recently Tasered a 72-year-old motorist after she became argumentative about being pulled over for speeding. The officers warned that if the woman didn't step back, she would get zapped. That's when the senior citizen exclaimed, "Go ahead, Tase me! I dare you!" Wait! Maybe we've been too harsh on the cops. After all, a dare is a dare.

Sign of the Times

Hold on! Jesus is watching us while we watch adult videos? Or is He watching the porn as we watch it? Thanks to A.T. of Chicago for blessing us with this photo.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

SWING THING

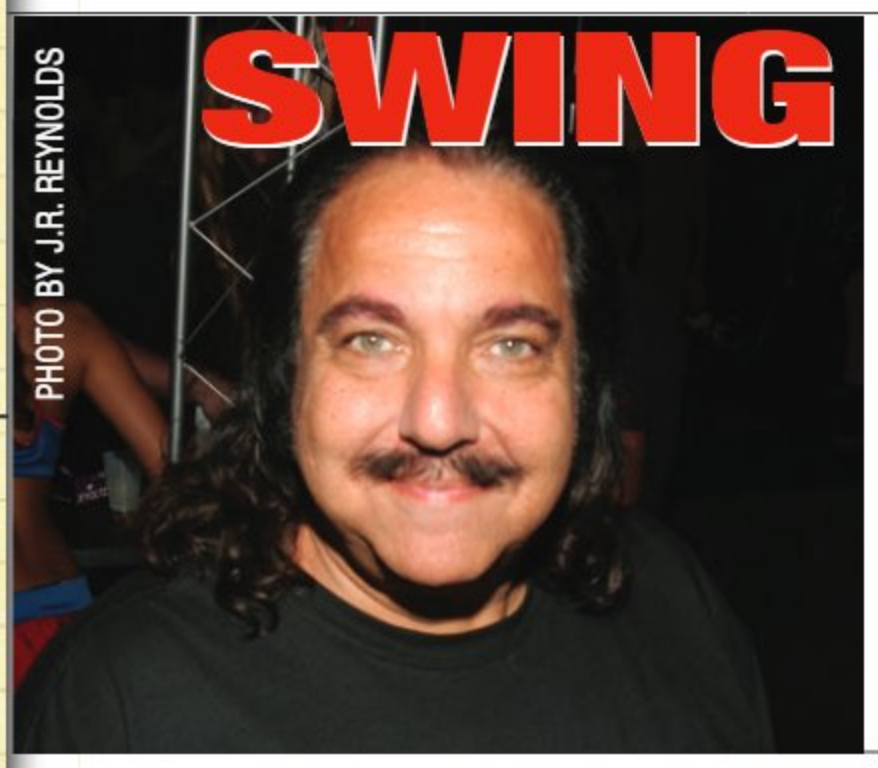


PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Groucho Marx once said, "I'd never want to be in a club that would have me as a member." We just don't want to be in one where you can see Ron Jeremy's member. The "Hedgehog of Love" has opened his own swingers joint in Portland, Oregon. Ron Jeremy's Club Sesso charges a yearly $100 membership fee with nightly door admissions ranging from 20 to 100 bucks. Jeremy promises "a celebration of sexual diversity and free back waxing." Okay, we made the back-waxing part up.

PHOTOS BY THE HARDCORESOURCE.COM

STAR-KROSSED NIGHT

Hot porn chick of the moment Kayden Kross met dozens of her appreciative fans recently during an autograph-signing at Stan's Adult Super Store in Hollywood. The intimate setting gave the onetime HUSTLER covergirl a chance to really bond with her lucky admirers. You know you want to bond with Kayden.

"One half of the world cannot understand the pleasures of the other." —JANE AUSTEN, AUTHOR

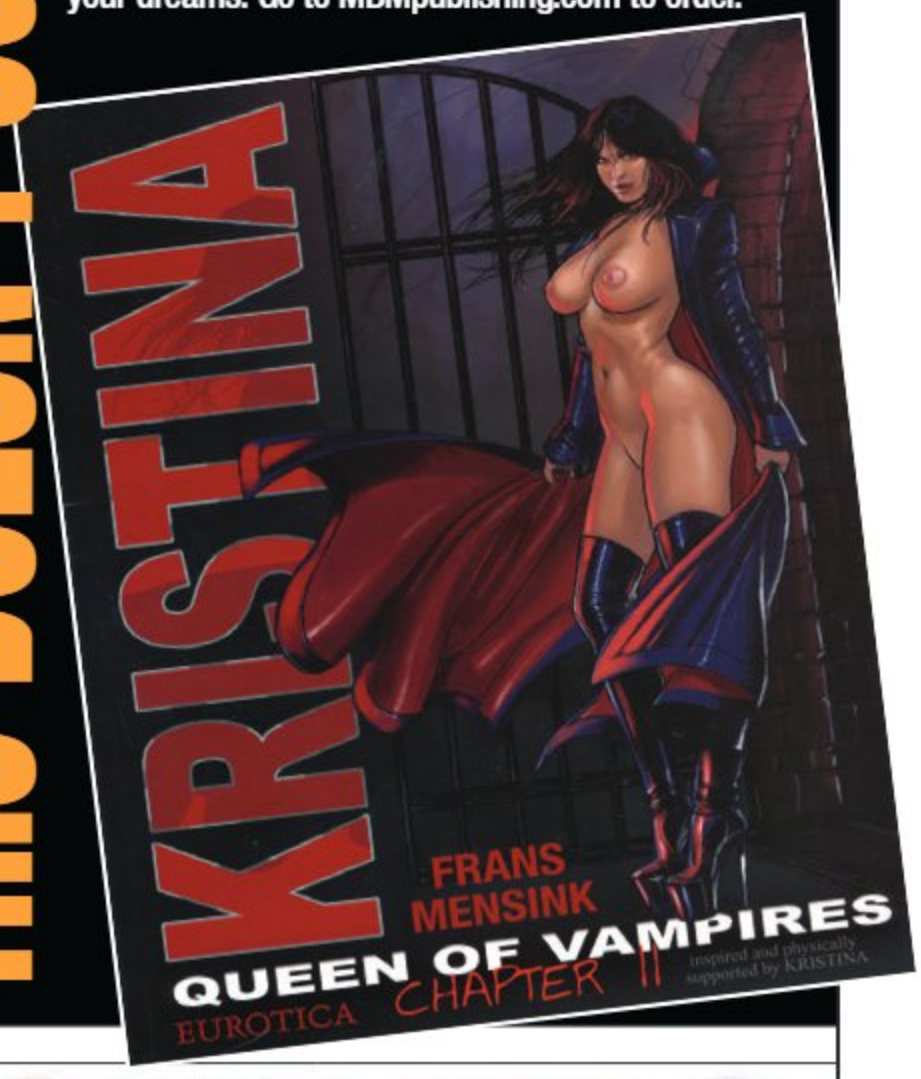
"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"

"I don't know what this stuff is, but it smells yummy!"

"Men reach their sexual peak at age 18. Women reach theirs at 35. Do you get the feeling God is playing a practical joke?" —RITA RUDNER, COMIC

THIS DOESN'T SUCK

The superhot graphic novel *Kristina: Queen of Vampires Chapter II* by Frans Mensink features the perfect blend of hard-core sex and violence. The title character (inspired by a real-life woman) is sure to haunt your dreams. Go to MBMpublishing.com to order.



NATURAL WONDERS

You never know what you'll find during a walk in the woods. The cock tree grew in Virginia, while the vagina tree sprouted in Beverly Hills, California. Obviously, Mother Nature loves sex. Note: The pussy tree is located just outside HUSTLER's offices. Coincidence? We don't think so.

Our Favorite Day

TUESDAY CROSS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

Everybody loves something new: new clothes, new car, new girl. Meet one of porn's newest starlets, Tuesday Cross. "I'm just starting out in the world of nude modeling and adult films," the fresh-faced Latina discloses. "And to be honest, I'm kind of taking it slow, being very picky about what I do on camera and who I do it with. I don't want to end up all tired and used up before I'm 21."

We're not alone in noticing that Ms. **Cross** bears a strong resemblance to XXX sensation Daisy Marie. "You know, I get that all the time," the newbie acknowledges. "I don't know why, but people think I'm Daisy. I guess it's because we are both petite *chicas* doing porn. I would love to do a scene with Daisy Marie someday. That would be fucking hot! Going down on a girl who looks like me would be a trip."

We have to ask: Is the sweetheart's name really **Tuesday**? "Of course not!" she exclaims with a wink. "How many people in the biz use their real names? I was born on a Saturday, and it was on a Tuesday that I lost my virginity. Now I'm **Tuesday** every day." Man, we thought she was honoring that old actress Tuesday Weld.

TUESDAY CROSS'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Denver | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Taurus | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 115

See **Tuesday Cross** in *Barely Legal #96* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

The Art of GINA KING

ByGina.com

Fight Night: Wrestling and Reaming

Brilliant explosions of red, white and blue flashed across the ink-black sky and lit up the entire neighborhood. Tracers fell to earth, only to be replaced by stunning bursts of silver and gold.

The fireworks were absolutely breathtaking, amazing. Our huge bay window provided the perfect view of the spectacular Fourth of July pageantry. But inside our living room my wife and I weren't really paying attention. Our own personal fireworks were exploding full force. A simple disagreement about chores—something to do with who was supposed to cook dinner—had somehow escalated to include everything we had ever argued about in our five years of marriage—money, mother-in-law, poker night and so on and so on.

I swear, when Angie stormed into the kitchen, I was afraid she might come back wielding a butcher knife. Instead she returned carrying the plastic tablecloth from our picnic basket and a couple of bottles of olive oil. I had to smile.

My Angie is Italian—read "passionate." She fights like a wildcat, and luckily for me, that's also how she settles arguments. For the worst, Category 5 quarrels, my wife insists on a "fight to the finish." For all her high-brow, corporate executive public image, Angie's a huge WWE wrestling fan.

Now, mumbling threats, she spread the plastic on the hardwood floor and stripped gloriously naked. I stood a moment in awe, ogling her long nipples, voluptuous curves, flaring hips, before Ang shot me a withering look, and I shed my clothes quick.

Outside, bottle rockets screamed through the night. Inside, it was suddenly quiet as we circled each other on the plastic. I snagged one of the bottles of oil from the floor; she grabbed the other.

Then Angie's swaying, 36D titties distracted me. I lost focus, she saw her opening, and suddenly I was on my back, the victim of a double-leg takedown. It took me a second to recover, allowing my wife to pin my shoulders with her knees. Sneering down at me, she reached back and poured oil all over my fucking set. The slippery liquid glazed my shaft and drizzled over my nuts, into my ass crack. I have to admit, it felt heavenly. My anger vanished as my penis stiffened.

The way Angie started jacking my dick, however, proved she was still a little pissed at me. She wrapped her fist around my rod so tight, it almost hurt, and jerked hard and fast, literally yanking my pecker on every upstroke. Then, just as I was getting into it, she stopped and slapped my nuts. Fuck!

Angie couldn't resist seeing the results of her hand action, however, and the second she turned, I bucked her off. Now I was the one on top and in control. Quickly I snatched the nearest piece of clothing, my T-shirt, and bound her wrists together above her head. Straddling her waist, I picked up the bottle of oil and trickled some onto her magnificent tatas until they were gleaming with grease, and the lube was pooling in her cleavage. I set down the bottle and drove my prick right into that pool for a slippery titty-fuck.

Pressing in on the sides of those beautiful melons, I smothered my cock in boob flesh and lunged in and out of Angie's slick tunnel. I was twirling her thick, oily nips between my fingers when I heard my wife moan, and I figured all was forgiven. I was sure of it when she hissed, "Fuck me!"

Leaving her hands bound, I slid down her body and knelt at her heels for a second, admiring the brilliant colors washing over her glistening curves from the grand-finale fireworks outdoors. I started to move up to her pussy, but the way Ang lifted her legs all the way up and over her head made it clear she had something nastier in mind.

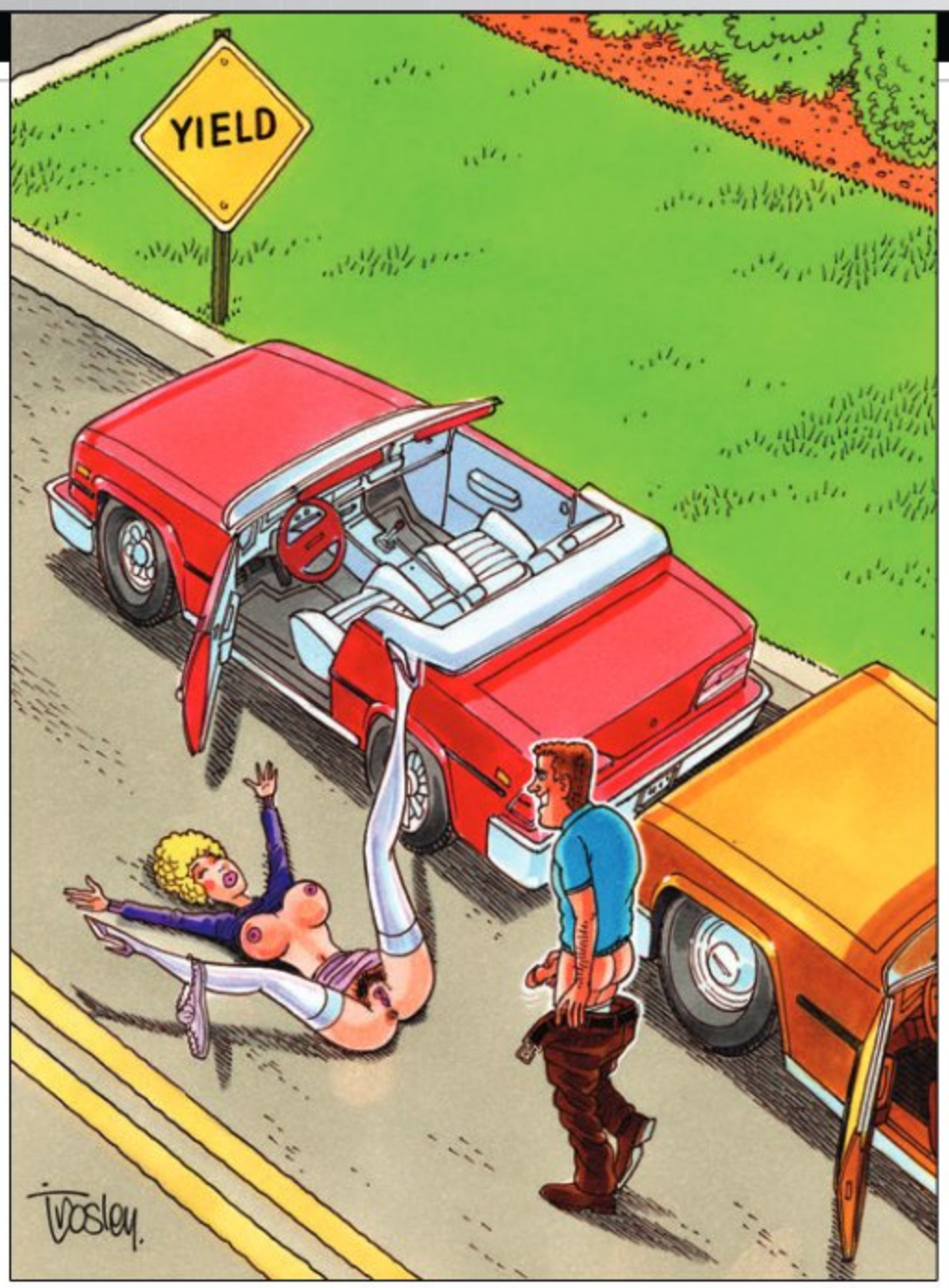
I grabbed the oil one last time and poured a stream into her perfect pink-brown rosebud. My dick was a greasy slab of granite as I pressed it to her sphincters and pushed. We both cried out when my slammer penetrated her tight, tight poop chute. My wife doesn't usually go for anal sex, but all that lube was making it easier.

In fact, this butt-fuck was really, really good. When I was in Angie's ass all the way to my nut sac, we started rocking, my salami moving in and out of her tush only an inch or two—in and out till Angie was coming, shaking uncontrollably, and my jizz was spraying into her bunghole. A fight to the finish.

—J.D.
Los Angeles, California

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Gosh, forgive me, I've gone on and on about myself. Tell me about your cunt!"



"I was warned about the consequences of all that anal sex in the '60s."

"We'll find weapons of mass destruction in Iraq before you find my G spot."

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE IS

AUTHOR PHOTO BY KIM HEDGES

AWARD-WINNING JOURNALIST **CHRIS HEDGES** WARNS THAT CHINA, RUSSIA AND OTHER MAJOR U.S. TRADE PARTNERS ARE READY TO DUMP THE DOLLAR. IF THAT HAPPENS, AMERICA'S FINANCIAL AND MILITARY DOMINATION WILL END, AND OUR ALREADY-BELEAGUERED ECONOMY WILL FLATLINE.

ARTWORK BY JOE DUNAVAN

BANKRUPT

THE WEEK OF JUNE 15, 2009, marked the end of the dollar's reign as the world's reserve currency. It marked the start of a terrible period of economic and political decline in the United States, and it signaled the last gasp of the American imperium. That's over. It is not coming back. What is to come will be very, very painful.

Barack Obama and the criminal class on Wall Street—aided by a corporate media that continues to peddle fatuous gossip and trash talk as news while we endure the greatest economic crisis in our history—may have fooled us, but the rest of the world knows we are bankrupt. And these nations are damned if they are going to continue to prop up an inflated dollar and sustain the massive federal budget deficits, swollen to over $2 trillion, that fund America's imperial expansion in Eurasia and our system of casino capitalism. They have us by the throat. They are about to squeeze.

The goal, in the words of Russia's president, is to build a "multipolar world order" that will break the economic and, by extension, military domination by the United States.

On June 15 and 16, meetings were held in Yekaterinburg, Russia, among Chinese President Hu Jintao, Russian President Dmitry Medvedev and other top officials of the six-nation Shanghai Cooperation Organization. The United States, which asked to attend, was denied admittance. The gathering was, in the words of economist Michael Hudson, "the most important meeting of the 21st century so far."

The summit was the first formal step by our major trading partners to replace the dollar as the world's reserve currency. If they succeed, the dollar will dramatically plummet in value, the cost of imports—including oil—will skyrocket, interest rates will climb, and jobs will hemorrhage at a rate that will make the past few months look like boom times. State and federal services will be reduced or shut down for lack of funds. The United States will begin to resemble the Weimar Republic or Zimbabwe.

Endowed by many with the qualities of a savior, Obama will suddenly look pitiful, inept and weak. And the recent rage that has kindled a handful of shootings and hate crimes will engulf vast segments of a disenfranchised and bewildered working and middle class. These people will demand vengeance, radical change, order and moral renewal, which an array of proto-fascists—from the Christian Right to the goons who disseminate hate talk on Fox News—will assure the country they will impose.

I called Hudson, whose article "The Yekaterinburg Turning Point: De-Dollarization and the Ending of America's Financial-Military Hegemony," ran in the June 15, 2009, *Financial Times*. "Yekaterinburg may become known not only as the death place of the czars but of the American empire as well," Hudson wrote. His article is worth reading, along with John Lanchester's disturbing exposé of the world's banking system, "It's Finished," which appeared in the May 28, 2009, issue of the *London Review of Books*.

"This means the end of the dollar," Hudson told me. "It means China, Russia, India, Pakistan and Iran are forming an official financial and military area to get America out of Eurasia. The balance-of-payments deficit is mainly military in nature. Half of America's discretionary spending is military. The deficit ends up in the hands of foreign banks, central banks. They don't have any choice but to recycle the money to buy U.S. government debt. The Asian countries have been financing their own military encirclement. They have been forced to accept dollars that have no chance of being repaid. They are paying for America's military aggression against them. They want to get rid of this."

China, as Hudson pointed out, has already struck bilateral trade deals with Brazil and Malaysia to denominate their trade in China's yuan rather than the dollar, pound or euro. Russia promises to begin trading in the ruble and local currencies. The governor of China's central bank has openly called for the abandonment of the dollar as reserve currency, suggesting in its place the use of the International Monetary Fund's Special Drawing Rights.

What the new system will be remains unclear, but the flight from the dollar has clearly begun.

The goal, in the words of Russia's president, is to build a "multipolar world order" that will break the economic and, by extension, military domination by the United States. China is frantically spending its dollar reserves to buy factories and property around the globe so it can unload its U.S. currency. This is why Aluminum Corp. of China made so many major concessions in the failed attempt to salvage its $19.5-billion alliance with the Rio Tinto mining concern in Australia. It desperately needs to shed its dollars.

"China is trying to get rid of all the dollars they can in a trash-for-resource deal," Hudson said. "They will give the dollars to countries willing to sell off their resources since America refuses to sell any of its high-tech industries, even Unocal, to the yellow peril. It realizes these dollars are going to be worthless pretty quickly."

The architects of this new global exchange realize that if they break the dollar, they also break America's military domination. Our military spending cannot be sustained without this cycle of heavy borrowing. The official U.S. defense budget for fiscal year 2008 is $623 billion, before we add on things like nuclear research. The next-closest national military budget is China's, at $65 billion, according to the Central Intelligence Agency.

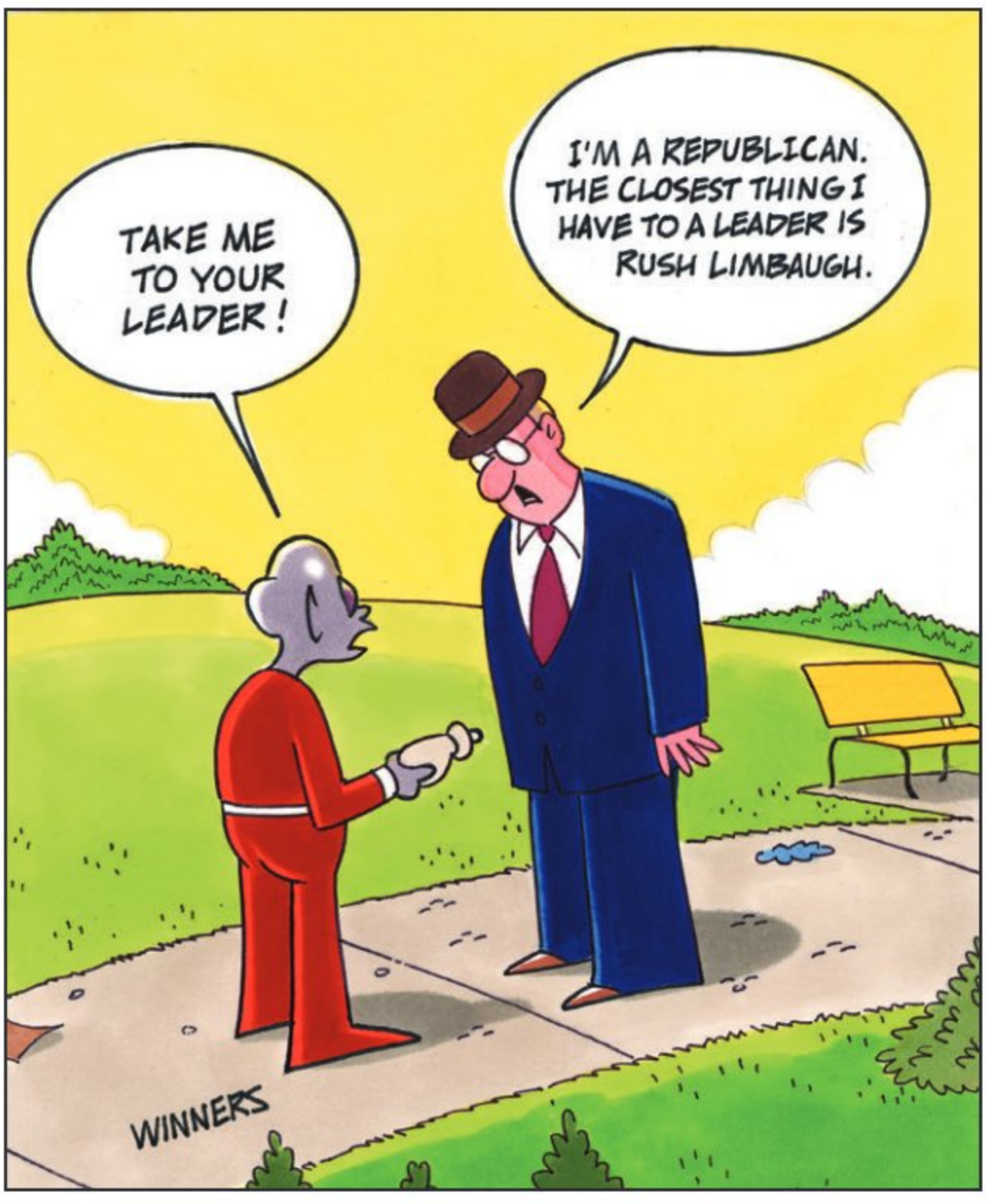
There are three categories of balance-of-payment deficits. America imports more than it exports. This is trade. Wall Street and American corporations buy up foreign companies. This is capital movement. The third and most important balance-of-payment deficit for the past 50 years has been Pentagon spending abroad. It is primarily military spending that has been responsible for the balance-of-payments deficit for the past five decades.

To fund our permanent war economy, we have been flooding the world with dollars. The foreign recipients turn the dollars over to their central banks for local currency. The central banks then have a problem. If a central bank does not spend the money in the United States, then the exchange rate against the dollar will go up. This will penalize exporters. This has allowed America to print money without restraint to buy imports and foreign companies, fund our military expansion and ensure that foreign nations like China continue to buy our Treasury bonds.

This cycle appears now to be over. Once

Reprinted courtesy of **Truthdig.com**

"You may now exchange bodily fluids."



the dollar cannot flood central banks, and no one buys our treasury bonds, our empire collapses. The profligate spending on the military, some $1 trillion when everything is counted, will be unsustainable.

"We will have to finance our own military spending," Hudson warned, "and the only way to do this will be to sharply cut back wage rates. The class war is back in business. Wall Street understands that. This is why it had Bush and Obama give it $10 trillion in a huge rip-off so it can have enough money to survive."

The desperate effort to borrow our way out of financial collapse has promoted a level of state intervention unseen since World War II. It has also led us into uncharted territory.

"We have in effect had to declare war to get us out of the hole created by our economic system," Lanchester wrote in the *London Review of Books*. "There is no model or precedent for this, and no way to argue that it's all right really, because under such-and-such a model of capitalism...there is no such model. It isn't supposed to work like this, and there is no road map for what's happened."

The cost of daily living, from buying food to getting medical care, will become difficult for all but a few as the dollar plunges. States and cities will see their pension funds drained and finally shut down. The government will be forced to sell off infrastructure, including roads and transport, to private corporations.

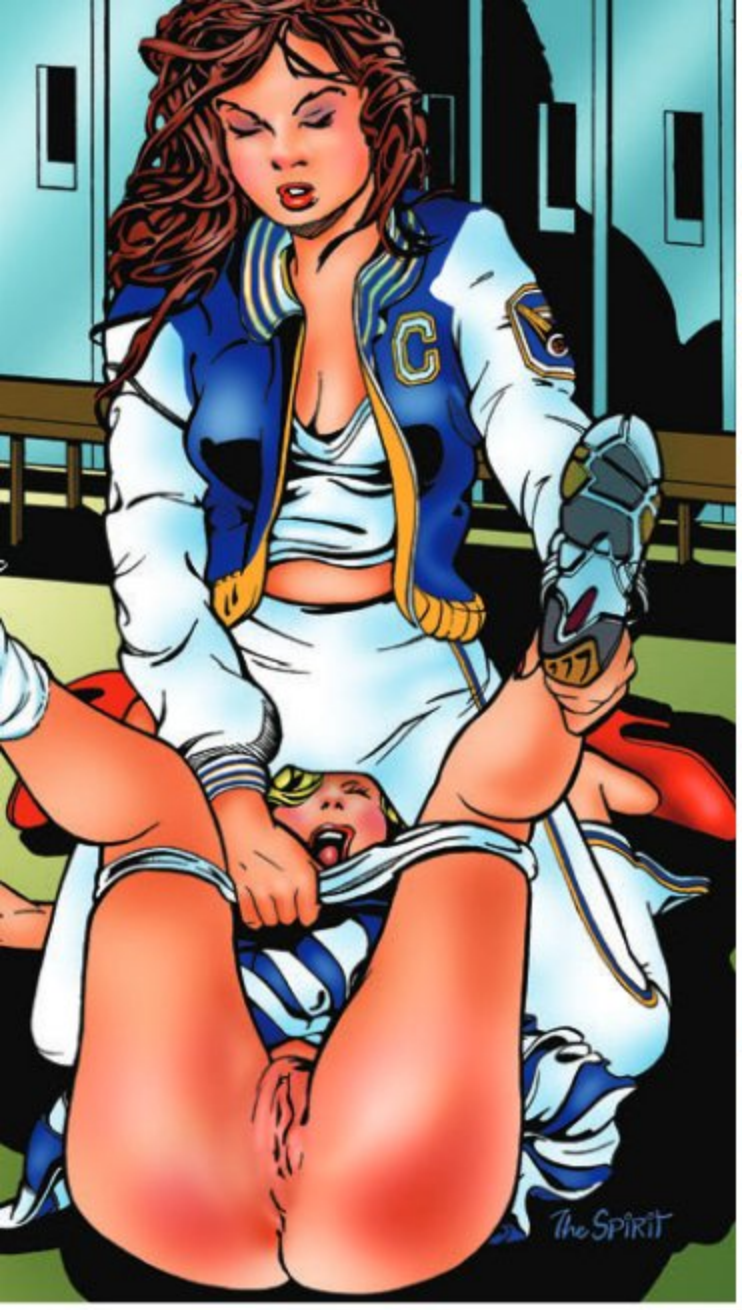
We will be increasingly charged by privatized utilities—think Enron—for what was once regulated and subsidized. Commercial and private real estate will be worth less than half its current value. The negative equity that already plagues 25% of American homes will expand to include nearly all property owners. It will be difficult to borrow and impossible to sell real estate unless we accept massive losses.

There will be block after block of empty stores and boarded-up houses. Foreclosures will be epidemic. There will be long lines at soup kitchens and many, many homeless. Our corporate-controlled media, already banal and trivial, will work overtime to anesthetize us with useless gossip, spectacles, sex, gratuitous violence, fear and tawdry junk politics.

America will be composed of a large dispossessed underclass and a tiny empowered oligarchy that will run a ruthless and brutal system of neo-feudalism from secure compounds. Those who resist will be silenced, many by force. We will pay a terrible price, and we will pay this price soon, for the gross malfeasance of our power elite.

For more articles by Chris Hedges, whose latest book is *Empire of Illusion: The End of Literacy and Triumph of Spectacle*, go to **Truthdig.com**.

"Wait! You mean no bailout…no stimulus package…just more fuckin' rules?!"


The SPIRIT

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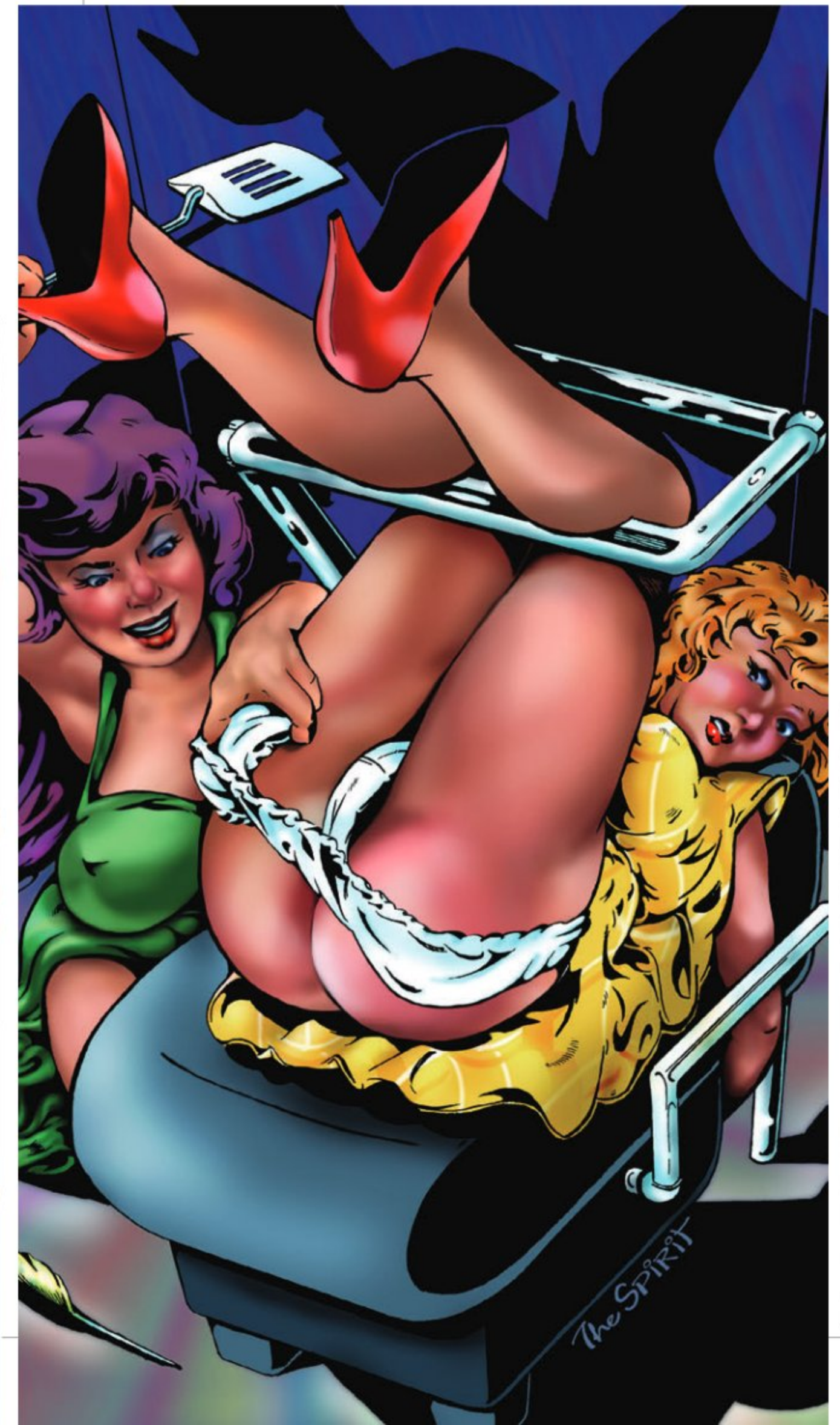
SPANK YOU VERY MUCH!

The Spirit's Ass-Smacking Art



Who says that surfing the Internet is a waste of time? If we hadn't been checking out Web sites, we wouldn't have discovered our new favorite, **TheSpiritsStudio.com**. It's jam-packed with art depicting hot, sexy women being spanked. The Spirit favors fetishism and nudity (sometimes explicit), but make no mistake—this is *not* a porn site.

The classically trained artist describes his distinctive work as "an ode to female beauty, a path to admire their physical beauty and interpret their complexities, their actions, inactions, reactions and responses from my own unique perspective. I tend to inject my sense of humor, wit and satire into an image too. That really differentiates my art from other artists."

Why did he feel the need to create such a mysterious moniker? "The Spirit, my name, is a pseudonym I originally created to differentiate between my vanilla mainstream art [and] my erotic art. I selected this pen name because I am the spirit of myself, my art is the spirit of me, and I am the spirit of my innermost thoughts which inspire me."

In 2004, Goliath Books released ***Spank Me: The Art of The Spirit***, featuring a bevy of his sexually charged creations. The beautiful hardcover edition sold out quickly and is now a hard-to-find collectible.

The Spirit's spectacular Web site embodies free speech, freedom of thought and freedom of expression—notions HUSTLER is always willing to support. To see more, log on to **TheSpiritsStudio.com**.

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT

ACE F

FINALLY BREAKING HIS SILENCE, THE GUITAR GOD TALKS ABOUT HIS UPS AND DOWNS WITH ONE OF THE GREATEST BANDS IN HISTORY.

SPEAKING EXCLUSIVELY TO US, the "Space Ace" discusses KISS's glory days, getting screwed by bandmate Gene Simmons and the ax-slinger's rockin' new CD *Anomaly*.

HUSTLER: Why are you no longer working with KISS?

ACE FREHLEY: There's not one reason. I first left the group in 1982 because I wanted to pursue a solo career, and I just tired of the bullshit that was going down. Then in 1995 I was on tour with [former KISS drummer] Peter Criss in Canada, and I got the word that Gene [Simmons] and Paul [Stanley] wanted us to do the MTV *Unplugged* thing with them. There was also talk about a reunion tour.

I had mixed emotions about it, but I finally decided to sign on. We [the original KISS lineup] did a couple of tours, and the same kind of bullshit that happened toward the end of my first run with KISS started happening again. So in 2002, 20 years after I left the first time, I quit KISS again.

Does it piss you off that someone else is out there in your costume pretending to be you?

I'm not thrilled about it. The fans are more pissed off about it than I am. When I go online and read the comments, some of them can be pretty brutal. Tommy Thayer, my replacement, is a friend of mine. He used to be KISS's tour manager when I was in the band. He's a nice guy and a good musician. Paul and Gene tell him what to do, and he does it.

I think it's weirder for the fans than it is for me. In the long run it hurts the band's legacy. One of the fans said, "When Ace left the first time, they got a new guitarist [Vinnie Vincent], and he created his own makeup. How come they didn't create a new look for Tommy?"

Do you think they are trying to trick fans?

I know they're trying to trick people. Remember when KISS was on *American Idol*? I didn't even know they were on because I don't watch TV. I was at the Rainbow [a Los Angeles rock hangout], and this couple came up to me and said, "You were so great the other night on *American Idol*. Can we have your autograph?" KISS tries to play down the fact that Tommy Thayer is in my makeup, and I think a lot of people still aren't even aware of it. It's kind of deceiving. The hard-core fans are pissed off because they know immediately.

Do you get paid when the Ace makeup and costume are used?

I get a percentage whenever they use that makeup.

When you were in the band, how long did it take you to get stage-ready?

The makeup alone was a good 45 minutes to an hour. Then there is the costume and doing the hair. It took about an hour and a half to two hours to do it right.

Were the space boots heavy?

My boots weren't that bad. The platforms were made out of cork. Gene's were pretty heavy.

Did you ever have sex while in costume?

Yeah. Just a couple of times. The makeup is so messy. A couple of girls wanted to do it with me still in the makeup. What I usually did is go back to the hotel, shower and get fresh first.

What do you remember about filming *KISS Meets the Phantom of the Park*?

It's funny that you ask that. I was just at Magic Mountain [a Southern California amusement park] the other day. They closed down the park when we filmed it, and I rented a moped. I remember riding around the park on it between takes. I crashed it a couple of times.

What was the 1996 reunion tour like?

That was fun—at first. It started off great with good vibes. Let's all kiss and make up. No pun intended. (*Laughs.*) It was the most successful tour that year. It grossed $250 million. Everyone was riding high. I only signed on for that one tour. After that I hoped to get back into the studio and work on my solo record. Then they convinced me to do the *Psycho Circus* CD.

I submitted a bunch of songs for that record and had to fight tooth and nail just to get one song, "Into the Void," on that record. All that internal bickering and bullshit and doing stuff behind my back started happening all over again. When the deal was initially proposed to us, we were working off a percentage. Then all of a sudden all these outside deals started coming in. I said, "How come I'm not getting a piece of that?" And they would say, "Oh, you're excluded from that." We were playing the Tokyo Dome, and they filmed a video from that. Made a lot of money. "Sorry, Ace, that wasn't part of your deal."

They just tried to screw [me and Peter] any way they could. When that started happening, I got pissed off. But I was working with the guys, so I didn't want to have a blowout fight. So then I started getting self-destructive. I started using alcohol and chemicals, and we know where that leads. They know how to push my buttons, and I'm sure I pushed theirs as well.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

REHLEY

Do you talk to the other KISS guys now?

I speak to Paul every now and then. I speak with Peter and his wife, Gigi, all the time. Gene has called me a few times, but I have never gotten back to him.

Have you seen his reality show?

I saw it once or twice about a year and a half ago. I thought it was funny as shit. A lot of people don't know how funny Gene Simmons is. He's really a fucking funny guy. More power to him. He's got a hit show.

Any chance you'd ever do reality TV?

I've been offered a couple of shows, but I declined. I'm not a big fan. The biggest problem with reality TV is it takes away the rock star mystique. The most exciting things about a famous person is what you don't know, that mystery. Once you get into somebody's home and see how they are off the stage and out of the spotlight, it's gone. Most of the people that do reality shows find when the show goes off the air a few years later, their popularity wanes. Because you know everything about them, so there is nothing to get excited about.

Is Simmons destroying the KISS mystique by showing himself as a bumbling dad instead of a rock star?

Yeah. That's the other side of Gene: the bumbling, silly, funny guy. Then there is the Mr. Businessman side. He'll do his stage antics as "The Monster" and then transform into this guy talking like a professor. We [Paul Stanley, Peter Criss and Frehley] used to call him "Professor Dope" because he would be in an interview and start throwing around all these big words to try to impress everybody. Me, Paul and Peter would just laugh and say, "There goes Professor Dope sounding off again."

Did you play everything on *Anomaly*?

Yeah, pretty much. I produced it. Wrote all the songs. I got Marti Frederiksen and Anthony Fox to mix it. Marty produced one song. We recorded a cover of the Sweet song "Fox on the Run." That will probably be the first single. Marti and Anthony know how to take something that is good

(continued on page 89)

"KISS This!"

Dru

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

nk on Love

I get a little wild when I drink," **Harmony** confides with a laugh. "I've been known to do some pretty crazy things after a couple of apple martinis. That's what led to my first threesome—and my second threesome. Come to think of it, that's how I've ended up in all my threesomes. Wow! Maybe I should be more careful when I drink?"

HARMONY PAXSON

Getting horny Harmony to talk about sex was a cinch. "Doggy-style is definitely my favorite position," she exults. "Sex shouldn't be slow and loving. It should be just like the movie *Fast & Furious*. That's why I like getting banged from behind so much. It feels so dirty when a guy is slamming me that way. I can't help but come again and again."

Harmony adds, “I’m single right now, but that never lasts very long. Once I hook up with a guy, he’ll stick around for a while. I guess the sex is just that good. My last boyfriend only left because he was jealous and insecure. He caught me in bed going at it with a couple of my girlfriends, and he freaked out. What an idiot! He should have just joined the party. So, guys, if you’re out there and willing to deal with my wild side, I’m looking for you.”

HARMONY PAXSON'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Port St. Lucie, Florida | AGE: 28 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 121

A Day in the Life of Dana DeArmond

MEET THE ALT-PORN STAR WHO REDEFINES THE WORD *NEUROTIC*.

GLAMOUR PHOTOS FROM "BOBBI STARR & DANA DEARMOND'S INSATIABLE VOYAGE" COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

IT'S 11:30 IN THE MORNING, and Dana DeArmond should be here. "Here" is the Lamill coffee shop in L.A.'s Silver Lake district, where it's hard to tell one urban hipster from another. I finally locate her out on the furthermost reaches of the sidewalk tables. There, eyeing the customers distrustfully, she gives me a wave and a weak smile as I stroll to her table.

DeArmond's MySpace page says it best: "If you see me out somewhere…keep in mind...I am painfully awkward." Compounding that assessment is a recent breakup with fellow alt-porn stud Daniel and a host of neuroses she's collected throughout her life. Dana brings a lot of issues to the coffee table.

I sit down as she flirts demurely with the gay waiter who brings her cafe au lait. He reminds Dana of her formerly closeted dad, I learn. However, the goodwill she feels toward him will assuredly evaporate if he doesn't drop our check when she wants it. "I have to ask people several times to get my check," she maintains. "I have a lot of problems with food service people. They kind of freak me out."

It's nothing personal. EVERYONE freaks Dana out. You could turn Dana's usage of the word *weird*, which refers to anything that makes her nervous, into a drinking game. An online video of Dana filmed three years ago when her house burned down shows the alt-porn star salvaging a magazine cover featuring

CANDID PHOTOS BY JAKE BARBER

"People talk to me, and I realize they don't ask me what I do for a living. And I'm like, 'Omigod, they already know who I am.' And that feeds my paranoia."

her as a pierced-punk outcast. Nowadays she forgoes this heritage and the booze and parties that went with it in favor of iPhone apps and cable TV. Still, whether it's accompanying a friend to AA or eating here, SOMEBODY who knows Dana sucks cock for a living will eventually recognize her. That's not always what Dana wants.

"I was trying to make more straight friends, like non-porn people," she tells me. "But it's a little bit hard now because people know what I do for a living because of MySpace. The reach of that is so far. People talk to me, and I realize they don't ask me what I do for a living. And I'm like, 'Omigod, they already know who I am.' And that feeds my paranoia."

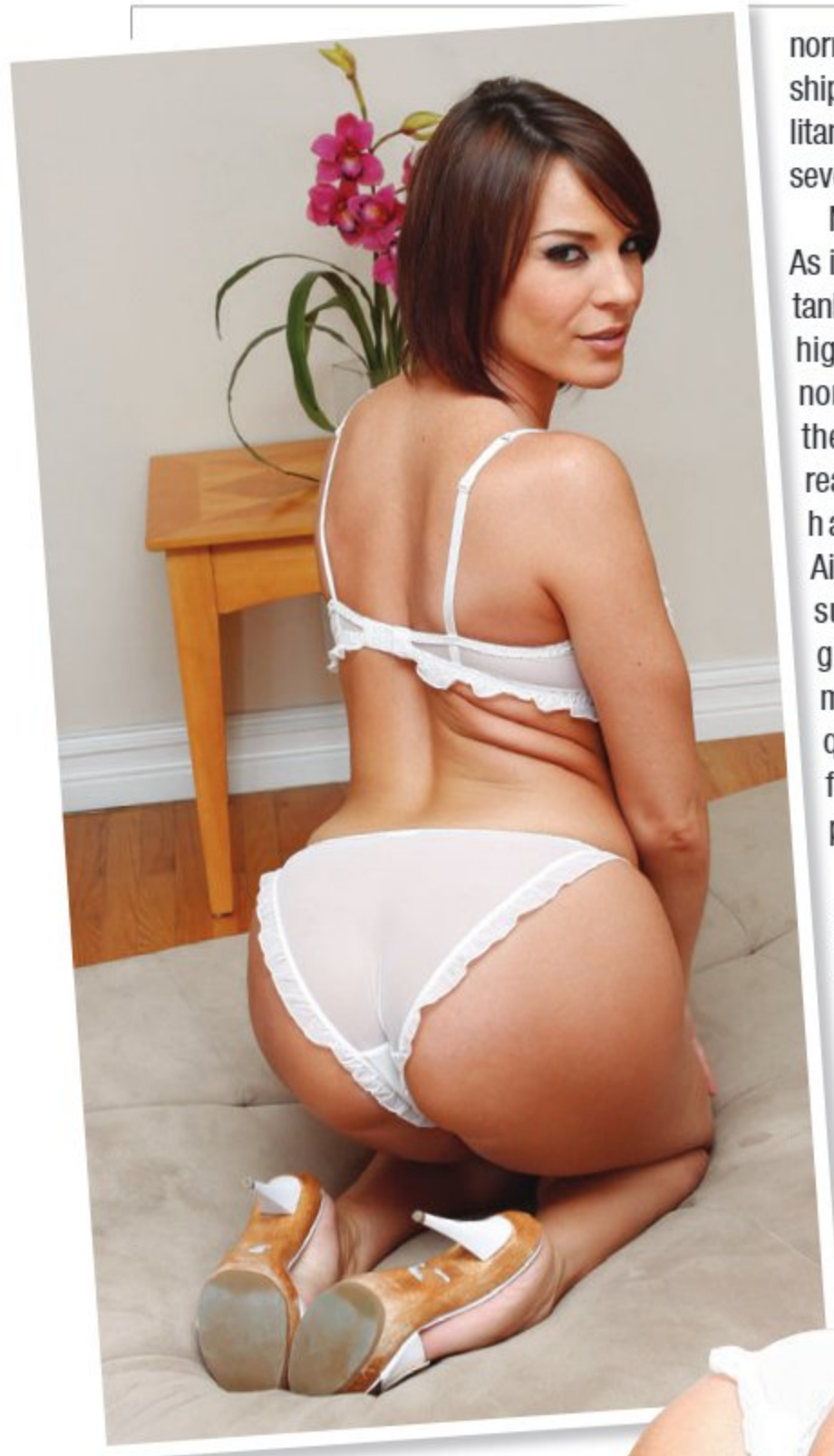
A smartly attired blond passerby attracts Dana's attention. The girl is the sort who inspires masturbatory fantasies, Dana's included, it would seem. "Ooh, I'm gonna eat you," Dana coos. "Miniskirt and motorcycle boots, hell-O!" Thank God for sex, then. It's Dana's way of relating comfortably with the world.

"I was never raised to be striving for spirituality," she offers. "I'm on a higher sexual level than most people, and I think that is something that's very tangible and real. I'm not going to start fucking praying to trees and weird bizarro shit like that to trick my brain into thinking that I'm gonna go somewhere else after I die or something."

Dana's iPhone rings. A picture of her industry gal pal Aiden Starr appears on the display screen. She's gonna meet us here. "A day in the life of Dana is not complete without Adrianna Nicole or Aiden," Dana declares. "I see them probably more than anybody else 'cause they live so close to me."

Dana didn't expect to be living so close to them, but Daniel abruptly ditched her and moved out while she was on a business trip to London. This left Dana and her mom, who had intended to merely visit, to pick up the pieces instead.

"I chose to move out of the apartment because I didn't want to live in the same space," Dana explains. "I enjoyed the fun that I had with him, but I can't exactly forgive him for fucking losing his mind on me when I was out of the country and breaking up with me via e-mail. I'm going to have to pay to have my old house cleaned. I was actually really comfortable with being alone. I just thought it would be more of a



normal image to project to be in a relationship." Now approaching 30, Dana reels off a litany of resentments against her ex, a guy seven years her junior.

Normalcy is Dana's unattainable holy grail. As if on cue, Aiden Starr arrives in a miniskirt, tank top and thigh-high boots to yank normalcy even farther from Dana's reach. Earlier, Dana had compared Aiden to a petite, surly pony who's given one too many rides to preschoolers. This doesn't quite match my take on her—ponies don't freely offer up their e-mail to solicit their pro-dom services.

Thank God for sex, then. It's Dana's way of relating comfortably with the world.

But the two make a good team, immediately gossiping about mutual friends. Aiden has some incriminating evidence regarding one such friend stored on her iPhone. She shares it with Dana, but all I get from Aiden is, "A friend of ours treats people like hotels." She declines to mention if said friend left mints on their pillows.

After some catching up, Dana pulls aside the waiter for her check. She needs to buy some home furnishings at Wacko/Soap Plant, Hollywood's premier outlet for eccentric bric-a-brac. But first Dana has to clean out her car. "My ex-boyfriend left all his fucking garbage in the house," she grumbles. "All this fucking weird shit, like fucking old pots and creatine and muscle milk." She pulls her Prius to the dumpster in back of Lamill's and chucks Daniel's stuff while no one is looking. With that, she's off to Wacko.

Driving there, Dana glances longingly at an Obama billboard. Then she and Aiden gossip about Michelle and Beyoncé. Entering Wacko, Dana finds her attention drawn to shelves of transgressive literature, imported figurines and kitsch memorabilia. She gets a Japanese Lucky Cat and some Tom of Finland refrigerator magnets, but bypasses some hip-hop-oriented action figures designed by a former boyfriend.

(continued on page 98)

PHOTOS COURTESY JULES JORDAN VIDEO

BY MIKA TAN

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Masturbatory Serendipity

A Sex Toy With Treads?!

I don't know if this can exactly be considered a "BunnyRanch Tail" because it doesn't involve a client at all. It involves one of my own athletic shoes—a Reebok, to be exact.

So how did it all it happen? Innocent enough, I guess. After I had stepped out of the shower one evening, I began looking for a pair of "sexy" shoes in the back of my closet. Still naked as a jaybird, I reached back, and all of a sudden I felt something slip into my pussy. It was one of my Reeboks. You know how the back part of the heel sort of has a grip on it? That part. And when that slipped in, it made the front part of the shoe pop up and smack my clit.

At first it caught me by surprise, and I sort of jumped back. And then I did it again. Just out of curiosity, you know. I started feeling kind of turned on, and after a few repeats I started feeling *really* turned on.

Before I knew it, there I was on the floor of my closet, in my birthday suit, riding on one of my brand-new Reeboks and just fucking the hell out of the thing. You should have heard the noises I was making. That shoe was better than any vibrator that I've ever used, and let me tell you, I've tried 'em all.

I went at it so long and so hard that when I was done pleasuring myself, the logo was worn off. No kidding! Brand-new pair too. I don't use those shoes for anything else but sex now. I mean, who would?

Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

KIRI

A CONTROVERSIAL DIRECTOR DISCUSSES WHY HE RIPPED THE DOORS OFF THE POLITICAL GAY CLOSET IN HIS DOCUMENTARY *OUTRAGE*.

Acclaimed independent filmmaker Kirby Dick tackles the topics mainstream media won't touch. In 1997 he scored a cult hit with the provocative documentary *Sick: The Life & Death of Bob Flanagan, Supermasochist*. Then in 2006, Dick went after the Hollywood censors. His exposé of the Motion Picture Association of America's secretive movie ratings system, *This Film Is Not Yet Rated*, grabbed an Academy Award nomination for Best Documentary. His most explosive and entertaining work yet, *Outrage*, skewers the homosexual hypocrites who push the GOP's anti-gay party line while living a closeted lifestyle.

HUSTLER: In *Outrage* you name names: Florida Governor Charlie Crist, who's bucking for a GOP Presidential nomination; Larry Craig, who was caught trying to solicit gay sex; and California Congressman David Dreier, whom we outed a couple of years ago.

KIRBY DICK: Crist is the most high-profile one, due to his political prominence right now. But the film also looks at Jim McCrery, recently retired representative from Louisiana. He had been outed by [gay and lesbian publication] *The Advocate* in the early '90s, but the mainstream media almost universally avoided the story. I also include a section about former New York Mayor Ed Koch. We talked to a couple of very credible people who had never spoken to the media before, which finally established what everybody already suspected about him. And then there was former U.S. Representative from Virginia Ed Schrock, outed by D.C. blogger Mike Rogers.

We looked into a number of other very powerful politicians and were able to get some information on them, but not adequate sourcing. There's nothing wrong with reporting on rumors, but I wanted this film to be respected.

Right after *Outrage* was released, Charlie Crist announced that he's running for the Senate. How do you think your film will affect his chances?

I did not make my film to have an impact on his career. I don't know that my film should necessarily force the resignation of Charlie Crist. In fact, if he were to be completely honest, I would say that would be so much to his credit and he shouldn't resign. What I want is for all closeted politicians to tell the truth, especially those voting anti-gay. Part of the problem I saw with the media coverage around Mark Foley and Larry Craig was that they viewed these as isolated incidents, not part of something that was systemic. The issue is big-

BY DICK

ger than just one politician. I hope the film compels the press to ask hard questions of any politician whom they perceive may be acting hypocritically.

Why won't the mainstream media cover this?

They're very happy to report on rumors outing *American Idol* contestants, but they're not going to report on the hypocrisy of closeted politicians. In the case of corporate media, they're reluctant to report on gay sexuality because they don't want to offend their straight audience. In the case of government-funded media, they don't want to offend powerful politicians. Reporters themselves want to cover it. It's the people higher up the ladder who are making the decision to stay away from it.

Senator Larry Craig (R-Idaho), after being nabbed in a public men's room.

That said, the response to *Outrage* has been phenomenal. It is now starting to cause a discussion within the mainstream media about these policies. National Public Radio reviewer Nathan Lee, for instance, wrote a very positive review about the film online in which he mentioned Larry Craig and Charlie Crist. He had not been told that there was any NPR policy to not name names. But without his approval, NPR pulled the names out of his review.

In response, he pulled his name off the review and then posted a critique in the comment section following the article. NPR then pulled his critique off the comments, claiming they had a policy against writing about the private lives of politicians unless it had an overriding public interest. But of course, it does. These are people who are closeted and voting anti-gay.

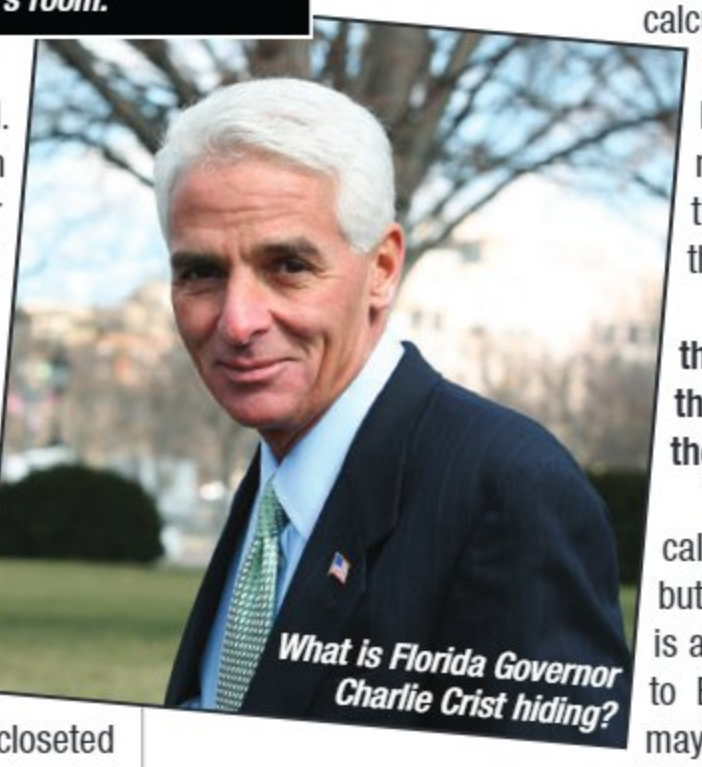
You state clearly in your film that this is not about being gay; it's about hypocrisy.

First of all, if you're part of the gay community, and you're having sex within that community, you can't really expect that community to protect you if you're passing laws harming the lives of millions of gay and lesbian citizens. And then there's the issue of transparency and honesty. If you're passing laws and telling the public that there's something wrong with being gay and lesbian while secretly being gay yourself, that is corrosive to the body politic. It's the responsibility of journalists and documentary filmmakers to report on that.

Let's put it this way: If Edward Kennedy, who is for the assault weapons ban, secretly had a collection of assault weapons that he was shooting in his backyard, and some reporter poked his head over the wall and took a photograph, everybody in the country would say it's a good thing to reveal Edward Kennedy's hypocrisy. Saying issues surrounding gay sexuality are off limits is a kind of homophobia. The press is very happy to report on straight sexuality; look at the whole Bill Clinton affair. Sure, everybody is entitled to a private sex life. That should go for politicians as well, except when there are issues involving hypocrisy or public policy. Then people should be allowed to investigate.

What if politicians say they are merely representing the majority of their constituents who don't want pro-gay legislation?

They're not saying, "We're voting anti-gay because our constituency is anti-gay." They're saying, "Marriage is something that should only be between a man and a woman." If they said, "Look, I'm just making a political calculation here, but I really don't believe it," that would at least be transparency. But they're not. They're saying, "I believe this as well." And that rises to the level of hypocrisy.



What is Florida Governor Charlie Crist hiding?

You say in your film that there is a conspiracy to keep this stuff hidden, to preserve the Republican closet.

There is a conspiracy, a political "don't ask, don't tell" policy, but it's not only Republican. This is a nonpartisan issue. In addition to Ed Koch, the Democratic ex-mayor of New York, we also looked into rumors of other closeted Democrats who voted anti-gay. D.C. is a very gay town. There are as many gay Republicans in D.C. as there are gay Democrats.

Many people are aware that these people in the closet are voting anti-gay, and they're doing nothing to tell the truth about it. Party leaders clearly feel that if somebody were to say a powerful party member were closeted, the doublespeak of the party would be exposed.

Throughout history, political parties have been successful attacking minorities; it's sort of a time-honored strategy. It's abhorrent, and it's the responsibility of the media to expose the hypocrisy around that strategy. Aside from that, gays and lesbians *(continued on page 110)*

PHOTO BY COURTNEY VITTI

BY KEITH VALCOURT

PHOTO BY COURTNEY VITTI

The Hedgehog and Dennis Hof hug Joe Francis.

PHOTO BY GIA JORDAN

HAPPY ANNIV

Larry Flynt marked HUSTLER Magazine's 35 years as a publishing powerhouse by throwing the party to end all anniversary parties. Packing historic Hangar 8 at Southern California's Santa Monica Airport were a thousand revelers, including a parade of celebrities from the adult-entertainment industry as well as mainstream cinema and TV. Seen mixing and mingling with company staffers were blond bombshell Mamie Van Doren, comic Jeff Ross, entrepreneurs Joe Francis and Dennis Hof, and a bevy of porn stars—Sunny Lane, Kayden Kross, Nina Hartley and Ron Jeremy, just to name a few.

PHOTO BY GIA JORDAN

Mr. & Mrs. Flynt with partygoers.

Web Crawler

PHOTO BY COURTNEY VITTI

PHOTO BY KEVIN WRIGHT

PHOTO BY COURTNEY VITTI

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO US

PHOTOS BY COURTNEY VITTI

Tempting? Yes!

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

Mamie Van Doren prays for our sins.

PHOTO BY LAURA BUTLER

Hot naked chicks!

PHOTO BY GIA JORDAN

First daughter Theresa Flynt

PHOTO BY BOB MULEADY

Managing Editor Morgen "Tex" Hagen laps it up.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO US

PHOTO BY BOB MULEADY

HUSTLER cartoonists (l to r) George Trosley, Bob Muleady, John Billette and Dan Collins get animated.

PHOTO BY COURTNEY VITTI

Just heavenly: Sunny Lane

PHOTO BY LISA JENIO

PHOTO BY COURTNEY VITTI

Hello, angels.

PHOTO BY KEVIN WRIGHT

Legends of lust: Nina Hartley & Ernest Greene

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

Dream date: Editorial Director Bruce David and his future ex-wife.

More naked chicks!

PHOTO BY KEVIN WRIGHT

The evening's theme of "Heaven or Hell" was illustrated by several set pieces featuring nearly 100 naked babes, some appropriately donning angel wings and devil horns. And talk about debauchery! Guests could even sit in a confessional booth and ogle the bare-assed hotties ambling by. Setting the tone for what lay ahead was the arrival of Larry Flynt, who was flown to the bash in his private jet and made a grand entrance amid thunderous applause and adoration.

As the drinks flowed and the party rolled into the wee hours, inhibitions were shed and…well, we can't really tell you what happened then. You'll just have to find a way to get yourself invited to HUSTLER's 40th-anniversary celebration in 2014.

It Takes Two to Tango

ALEXIS AMORE & CHARLES DERA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

Porn star **Alexis Amore** knows a thing about sex…and dancing. "My favorite dance is the tango," purrs the Peruvian-born bombshell. "It's the sexiest of all dances. There may not be a lot of bump-and-grind going on, but it really gets my heart rate up. I think the tango is a lot like foreplay. The way a man moves on the dance floor usually determines how good he is in bed. If he can keep up with me while doing the tango, I'm sure he'll know what to do when we are doing the dance of love. You know, fucking!"

Sure, the tango is sexy, but what about the Lambada—the Forbidden Dance? "That shit isn't real," **Alexis** howls. "I know if a guy tries to get me to do that, he's really corny. It's usually a man who is trying to fake something. I'd prefer he be honest and ask me to teach him. I'm always willing to teach a guy to dance or screw if he's not too experienced. As long as he's willing to dance, then let's tango!"

See **Alexis Amore** bang like a door in *Casting Couch Cuties*, *Cum Drenched*, *HUSTLER's Honeys*, *HUSTLER's Best of Busty Beauties*, *HUSTLER Centerfolds #6* and *HUSTLER's Greatest Tits #1* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

SCREEN NAME:

Lindsey Lovehands

AGE: 25

STATUS: SWINGER

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 7,112

LOCATION: ATLANTA

URL: MYSPACE.COM/LINDSEYLOVEHANDS

Our latest MySpace Girl says that being nude and making love is natural. "In bed, look out!" the 5-foot-3 Georgia peach warns. "I am a terror, very giving, and some may say insatiable. I want to make a lover feel like the top of his or her head just came clean off their body."

Appreciative of the carnal talents of both genders, Lindsey has a hard time choosing which side she enjoys playing with the most. While adoring the muscles, hairy chests and primitive nature of men, she also finds the soft, smooth and curvy spots of fellow females quite enticing. "I'm sorry," Lindsey admits. "I can't decide: cock or pussy; pussy or cock. What do I do?"

One deciding factor may be that nothing turns this girl on more than watching a guy jerk off. "That's probably why I like doing bukkakes so much," she reveals. "And the fact that I love cum. There is something inherently fascinating about a cock, so much so that I am on a mission to study and catalog as many varieties as I can."

The culinary aficionada was able to add to her research by hanging out with three male friends one Saturday afternoon while playing video games. Next thing she knew, an orgy broke out. "That was pretty hot," Lindsey recalls with a devilish smile. "From a woman's point of view, there really is nothing quite like having two, three or more sets of hands all over you. Multiple lips, fingers, tongues and—best of all—cocks!"

BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #36

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or e-mail *Hustler@LFP.com*.

PHOTOS BY MIKE SOUTH

BY CHRIS MALONEY

FOOT BETTING

10 WAYS TO BEND THE ODDS IN YOUR FAVOR

WHETHER IT'S THROUGH A LOCAL BOOKIE, an offshore Internet site or a Nevada casino (still the only legal place in America to do so), most of us have bet on football games or know someone who has. Newspapers and popular sports Web sites routinely publish the lines or point spreads for games, and football insiders offer their picks each week on ESPN and other cable networks.

So how much are we gambling each football season? Although exact figures are impossible to calculate, according to Jimmy Vaccaro—the director of sports operations and public relations at Lucky's Race and Sports Book in Las Vegas—Americans probably wager more than $50 billion a year on NFL and college football combined.

Where does all that money go? Certainly not back into the pockets of the average bettor. He loses year after year, according to Dan Gordon, a top football handicapper and author of *Beat the Sports Books*. "In an average season, fewer than one bettor in 12 turns a profit," Gordon says. "Over the course of several seasons the percentage of bettors who turn a profit is minuscule."

Michael Konik, a sportswriter and best-selling author of *The Smart Money*, explains why it is so hard for the recreational gambler to win at football betting. "The standard bet requires gamblers to lay $11 for every $10 they want to win, with the extra $1 or 10% known as "the juice." Common wisdom says that over the course of a long football season the average man or woman will pick approximately 50% winners. Thanks to the juice, the only one who profits in this scenario is the bookmaker. In fact, sports bettors must pick 52.4% winners just to break even."

Even though the math says it's virtually impossible to win on a consistent basis, Americans continue to bet on football. We have unconditional love for the sport, and betting $50 or $100 on a game adds an extra rush of adrenaline. Also, being "in action" can make a dull late-afternoon game (49ers vs. Raiders comes to mind) seem like the Super Bowl. But that doesn't mean you have to bet like a "square" and throw away your hard-earned money. "A square is the average, unsophisticated gambler whose decision making is based on hunches, media manipulation or spurious systems that cannot overcome the bookmaker's inherent mathematical advantage," Konik explains. "Thus the bookies love and cherish the squares." However, he points out that some bettors actually know how to beat the odds.

"The bookies fear and despise a tiny coterie of professional bettors known as 'the sharps,'" Konik says. "The sharps are usually members of a betting syndicate privy to the most up-to-date information on injuries, weather, game plans and, most important, the real power of the teams involved. They use powerful computers that can process millions of bits of data to produce a more accurate point-spread line than the bookmakers."

Another difference between squares and sharps is how they approach betting on game day. "A sharp or 'smart' has a plan of what he wants to do," says Vaccaro, widely considered to be Vegas's most influential bookmaker. "He is not jaded by teams and does not bet with his heart. If North Texas is his best bet on a Saturday, then that is his bet. He is not taken in by USC-Notre Dame just because it is the biggest-watched game of the day. The payout is just the same as far as he is

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DUNAVAN

BALL TIPS

concerned. A square or recreational player might have a vague plan, but after two Coronas he will definitely run to the window and make a hasty decision on the USC-Notre Dame game because he wants to be involved in the party atmosphere."

Is it possible for the average square to become a little sharper in making football bets? According to professionals like Vaccaro, Konik and Gordon, amateur bettors have the best chance to win if they demonstrate a little patience and follow the ten basic tips below.

1. MONEY MANAGEMENT: "This is without a doubt the most important aspect of betting on sports and possibly the most neglected," says Morey "Doc" Moseman, a professional gambler and sports consultant for nearly 40 years. "The key to proper money management is to be sure not to bet more than you can afford to lose." (You can catch Moseman at **DocSports.com**.)

"Most people with an understanding of football gambling bet between 3% and 5% of their bankroll," Vaccaro says, "increasing when they win and reducing when they lose. For example, if you have a $1,000 bankroll for the season, you should generally bet no more than $50 a game."

2. SHOP FOR NUMBERS: "Another important aspect of betting on football is shopping for the best number," Moseman notes. "There will be more discrepancy in the numbers at different sports books. The NFL, for example, will have very similar numbers at most of the betting shops you visit. On college you will be able to find different lines at different sports books. These books change their numbers according to the betting patterns of their customers, so it is not entirely uncommon to find two- or three-point differences in the lines."

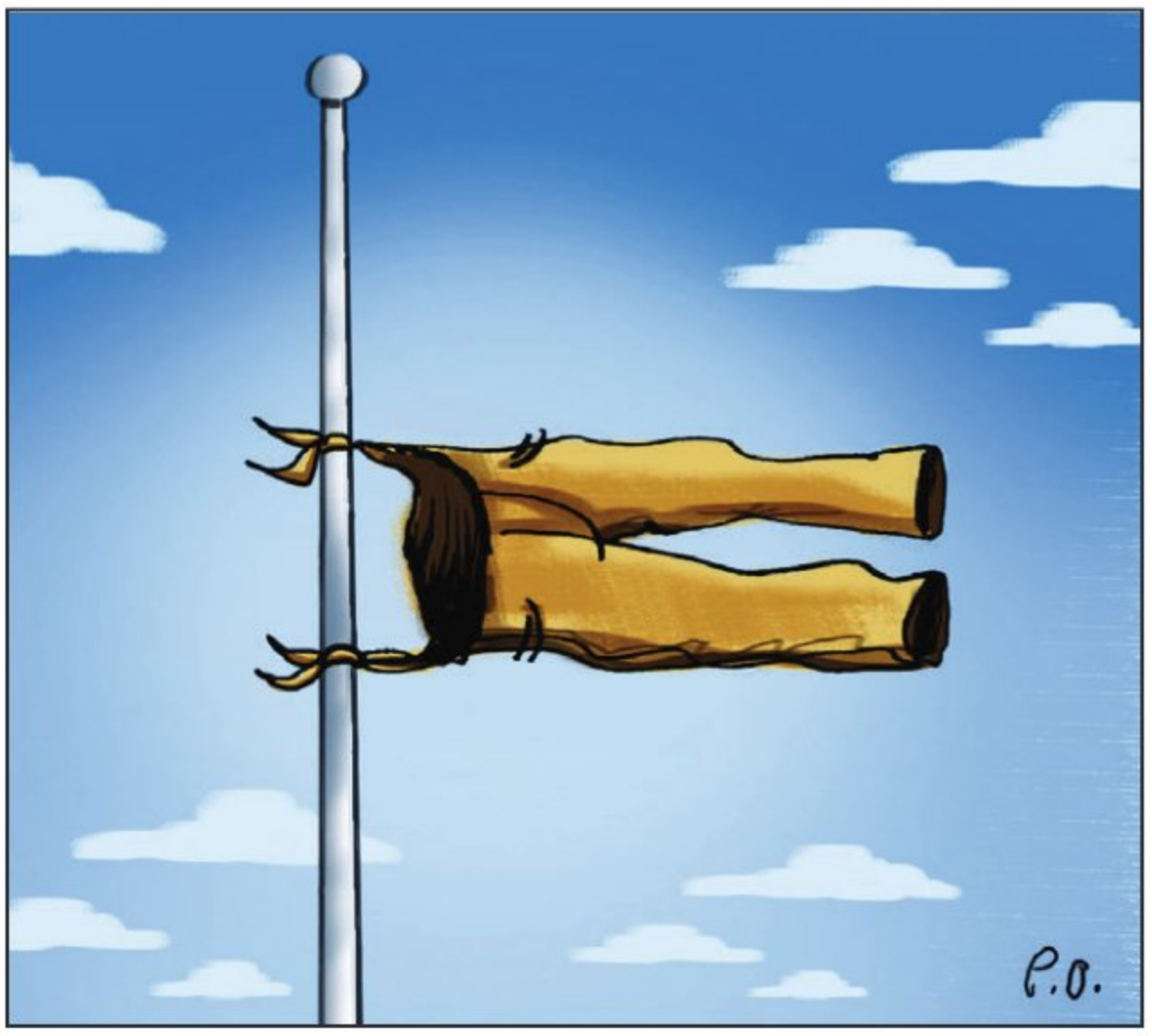
3. CONSIDER UNDERDOGS: "In the long run it's easier to win betting on the underdog," Konik believes. "Most people prefer to bet on the 'better' team, the one that will probably win the game. So underdogs tend to be slightly undervalued—except by the sharps."

Moseman agrees, but with a twist: "There is probably no better bet in sports than playing an underdog at home. Teams play inspired ball at home. Slim underdogs regularly win outright. Big underdogs often find ways to cover the spread, and they rarely give up toward the end of a game in front of the home crowd."

4. LOCKS DON'T EXIST: "Anyone who has watched sports for about a month realizes that the difference between winning and losing, especially against the spread, can be infinitesimally small," Gordon says. "In the NFL a game will often be totally turned around by one or two plays, or even a single penalty. There are almost an infinite number of scenarios that can happen in a single football game. The only locks that exist are those that need keys to open them."

5. BET AT THE RIGHT TIME: "Squares usually bet later in the week, and they tend to pick the favorites," Moseman says. "If you like an underdog, it is best to get your bet in as late as possible, where there is heavy action from squares on favorites. If you are going to go with a favorite, it is best to place your bet early in the week, when the sharps are laying heavy money on the points. Not all games work according to this formula, but it is usually a good rule of thumb."

6. AVOID CHASING BETS: "There is no worse way to mismanage your bankroll than to chase your bets after a losing day," cautions Ted Sevransky, a well-known Las Vegas gambler and sports consultant with **SportsMemo.com**. "The biggest mistake that amateur bettors make is they increase their bets when they are losing. When you're in a



R.I.P. Michael Jackson.
All little boys pants' fly at half-mast.

"Mr. Abernathy, there is absolutely nothing wrong with your penis. It's just white."

good rhythm and winning, you want to increase your bets. But when you're struggling, that's when you want to reduce your bet size until you get out of your slump. Chasing losses is the fastest way to the poorhouse."

7. AVOID EXOTIC BETS: "For very skilled handicappers, with a proven track record, there can, at least in theory, be value in betting parlays," says Gordon of the type of bet that combines two or more individual wagers. "As for me, the best bet in football is betting the point spread or over/under totals on individual games."

8. FOCUS ON CONFERENCES: "The best way to win money betting football is to develop a niche and follow it closely," Moseman advises. "If you become an expert on a smaller conference like the WAC, you have a good chance to beat the house because sports book operators do not have the time or resources to follow this conference the way you can. There is a wealth of information on the Internet; it is just up to you to find it and research it daily."

9. RESEARCH FOOTBALL SERVICES: "Sports services realize that most people who sign up with them are insecure," Gordon warns. "In trying to bamboozle potential customers, many services make claims about having scouts all over the country that give them inside information and promise 70% or even 80% winners, as if the bookmakers were the biggest suckers in the world. The only touts bettors should consider are the ones who talk about the long haul and realistic winning percentages, which are in the upper-50% to lower-60% range."

Also, it's probably a good idea to disregard advice from the myriad of ex-players and football experts you see on television. "The talking heads on TV know nothing about sports betting," Sevransky says. "If you listen to their advice, you are sure to lose. If you want advice about sports betting, find someone who has a successful track record. Otherwise, you're better off doing your own research."

10. DRINKING AND GAMBLING DON'T MIX: "There is a reason the casinos in Las Vegas supply you with free drinks while you are gambling," Moseman says. "Because alcohol clouds your judgment and usually helps you to make rash decisions you usually wouldn't otherwise make. To be a successful sports bettor you need to operate with a clear mind."

While these tips don't guarantee you're going to win, hopefully they can make you a little sharper in your picks this season. Remember, in the immortal words of "Fast" Eddie Felson, "Money won is twice as sweet as money earned."

Chris Maloney is a Chicago freelance journalist. The first-time HUSTLER contributor has served as a writer and producer for the cable television marine series *Boatyard*, *Classic Boat* and *Cruising the Great Lakes*.

WE NEED TO TALK . . . WAS THAT JUST A FUCK, OR DID IT MEAN SOMETHING?! TELL ME, WHAT YOU ARE THINKING?!
I'M THINKING WHY WERE WOMEN GIVEN THE ABILITY TO SPEAK?
J. Bilkey

Th

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

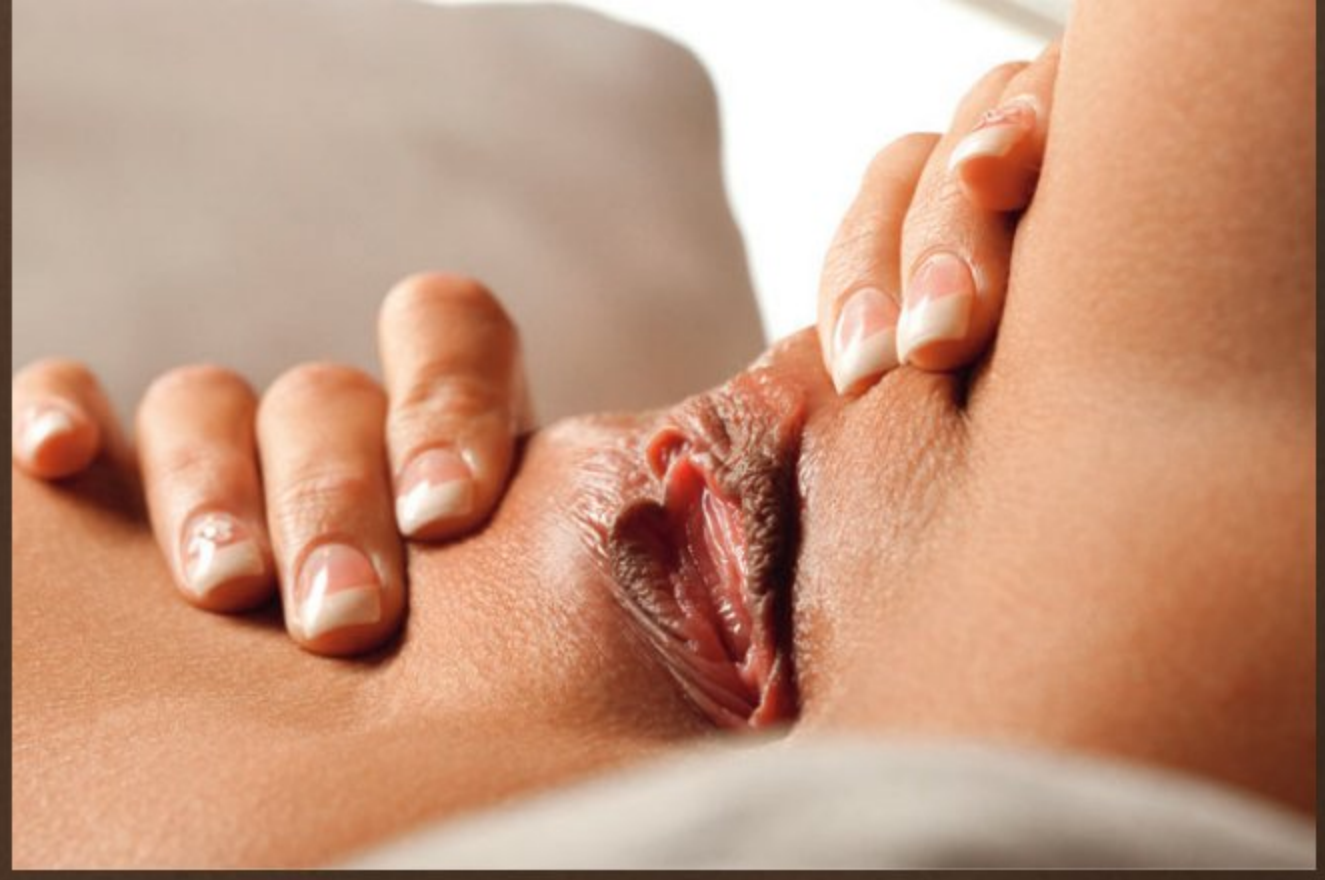
e Early Riser

Sex is the best way to start a day," porn princess **Kimberly Kato** declares. "There is nothing better than waking up fully rested next to a hot guy or girl and going right at it. I love to start every morning with a bang—even if I'll be doing a scene later that day. When it comes to sex, the more times I can get it in a day, the better."

KIMBERLY KATO

Kimberly admits, "I first got into porn sort of by accident. I wanted to be a TV actress, which is why I moved to L.A. But things didn't really work out. A girlfriend of mine suggested I meet this guy, and next thing I know the cameras are rolling as I'm going down on someone I'd just met. At first I couldn't believe it, but after about a dozen scenes I realized this was the perfect job for me."

Kimberly's active sex life may eventually bear fruit. "Someday I really want to settle down and have kids," she explains, "maybe even a big family. But for now I want to suck and fuck my way to the top of the porn world. I'll save the family life for a rainy day."



KIMBERLY KATO'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Woodland Hills, California | AGE: 19 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-4

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xoxo,
Kimberly Kato

An Indian walked into a café with a shotgun in one hand and leading a bull with the other. "Want coffee!" he demanded. The barista quickly complied. Once served, the Indian downed the java in one gulp, then turned and blasted the bull with his shotgun, spreading parts of the beast all over the bar. Then he left.

The next morning the Indian returned with the shotgun and another bull. "Want coffee!" he roared.

"Hold on there, chief!" the barista exclaimed. "We're still cleaning up your mess from yesterday. What was that all about anyway?"

The Indian replied, "Training for position in Congress. Come in, drink coffee, shoot bull, disappear for rest of day, leave mess for others to clean up."

Question: What do Amish women have in common with hockey players?

Answer: They only shower after the third period.

Barging into his parents' bedroom, little Calvin found his naked mother on top of his father, bouncing up and down. As the boy scrammed, the mom dressed quickly and followed him to do some damage control.

Out in the hallway her son asked what she and his father were doing. "Well, you know Daddy has a big ol' tummy," she cooed. "Sometimes I have to climb on top to help flatten it."

"You're wasting your time, Mommy!" Calvin fired back. "When you go shopping, the lady next door comes over, gets on her knees and blows it right back up!"

When Farrah Fawcett got to Heaven, God asked, "If I could fulfill one wish, my dear, what would it be?"

Farrah replied, "For all the children in the world to be safe!"

So God killed Michael Jackson.

After a field trip to a nearby farm the teacher asked her fourth-graders what sounds they had heard during the visit. Susie responded, "Moo! Moo!"

Jimmy replied, "Quack! Quack!"

Little Johnny yelled, "For the last time, kid, get off that fuckin' tractor!"

One thousand years ago, long before Christopher Columbus, a famous Viking explorer returned home from a voyage to North America and found his name missing from the town register. The Viking's wife complained to a civic official, who apologized profusely and crowed, "I must have taken Leif off my census."

HUSTLER Philosophy: Don't sweat the petty things and don't pet the sweaty things.

Seth came home from school late one afternoon and confessed to his mother that he had had sex with one of his teachers.

"You what?!" she screamed at the 16-year-old. "Young man, you get in your room and don't come out until your father gets home!"

About an hour later, after being briefed by his outraged wife, Dad strolled into Seth's room to have a man-to-man discussion. "I gotta tell you, son, I should be mad at you, but I'm actually very envious," Seth's father remarked. "What I wouldn't have given to have sex with a teacher at your age! In fact, I'm so proud of you, how about I go out and buy you a motorcycle?"

"No thanks, Dad," the relieved teen muttered. "My ass is still sore from Mr. Jones shoving his cock in it."

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to Tisha M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 45) and make it great. They took it to the next level. I give them a lot of credit.

How is your sobriety going?

It's great, but I'm not one to preach to other people: "Don't drink. Don't do this and don't do that." Who am I to fucking tell somebody don't drink? I drank most of my life and had a lot of fun doing it. I just got to the point where it wasn't working for me. I'm okay with other people drinking. Drink all you want. Just don't get drunk slobbering around me. (*Laughs.*) Everybody has to figure it out for themselves. If I could get sober, then anybody can do it, right? (*Laughs.*)

A couple years back there was a rumor that you were dead. Where did that start?

I got a phone call from KISS's old manager Bill Aucoin, actually. He said, "So I heard you were dead." (*Laughs.*) I said, "Well, I guess I'm not." I have no idea where that came from. It wasn't a publicity stunt, believe me.

Do you have any good groupie stories from the '70s?

Crazy fans? Groupies? I have no memory. Champagne bottles? There were a lot of champagne bottles that were inserted in girls. It happened more than once. I remember being at the Ramada Inn rehearsing for an upcoming KISS tour in the late '70s, and I had a case of champagne. I decided I wanted to have a wine rack, and there wasn't one. So I started smashing the bottles into the wall. Just knocking holes and sticking the bottles in the wall.

Is that the worst thing you ever did in a hotel?

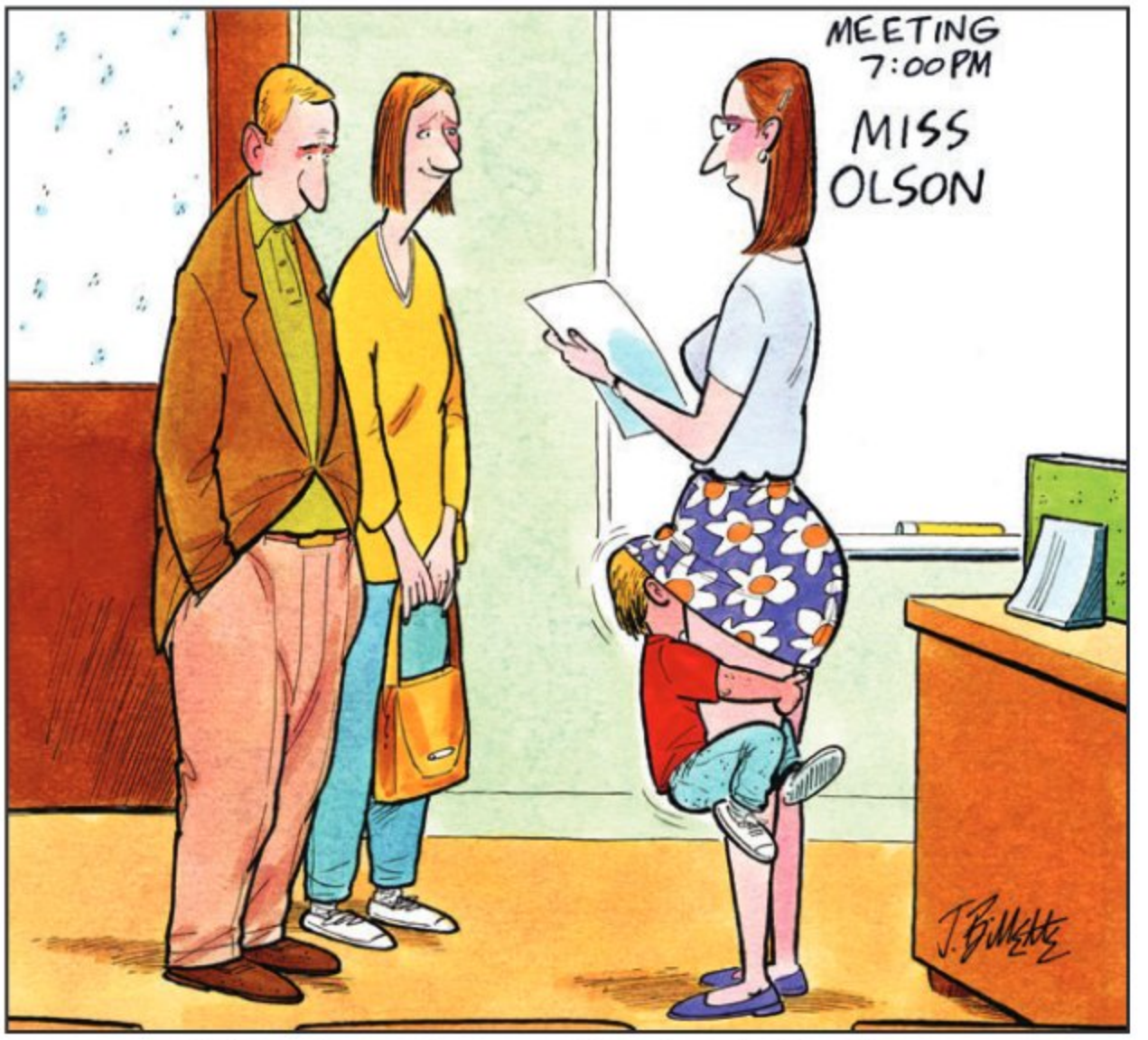
One night I decided I wanted to piss while standing on the TV. I pissed into the back of the TV, and sparks went flying. Later somebody told me, "You know, Ace, the electricity could have come through and electrocuted you through your (*points toward crotch*)." I wasn't thinking about it at the time. That would have been a bad way to go out. Talk about a rush. (*Laughs.*)

Do you think you'll ever work with KISS again?

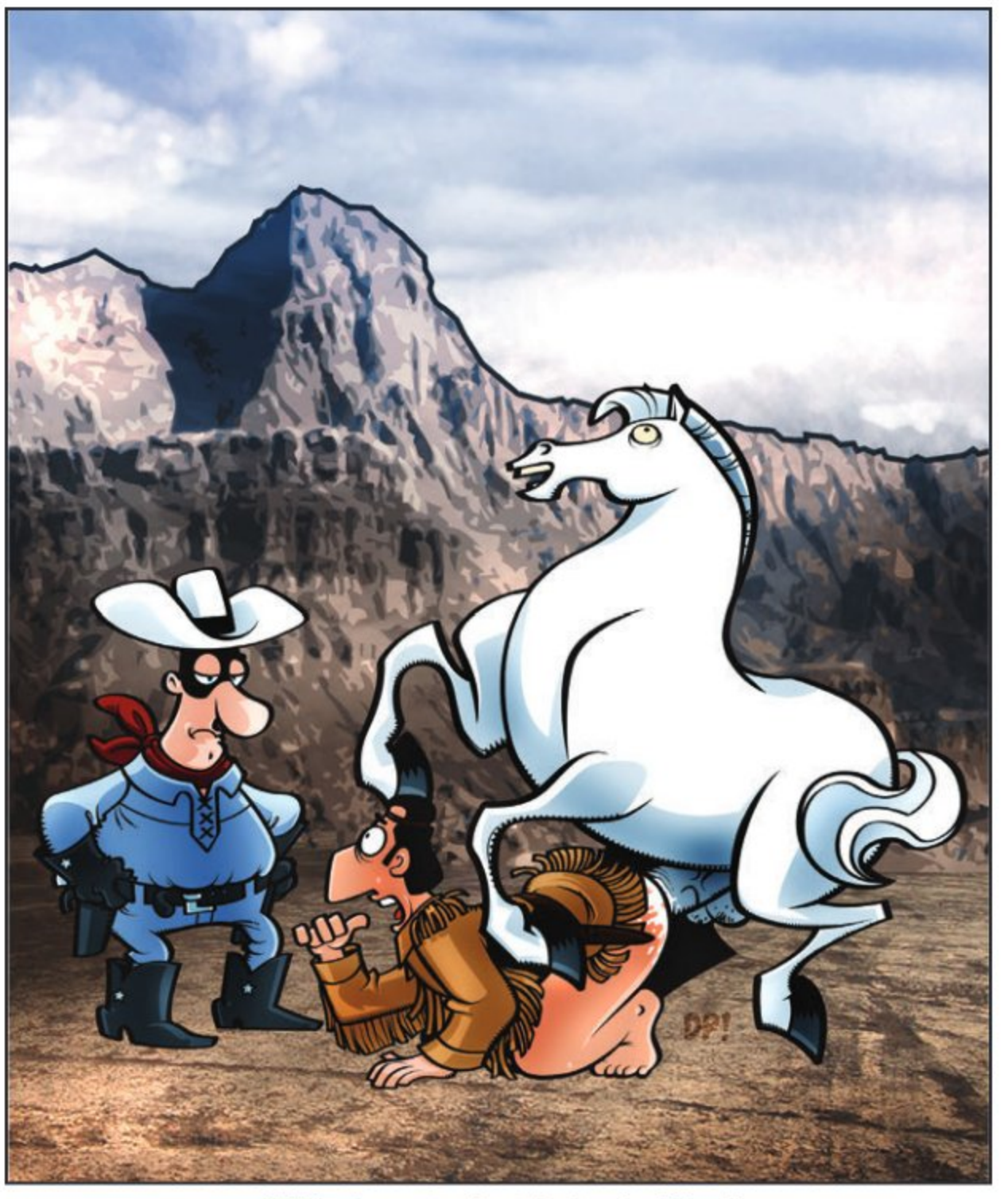
I certainly hope not! (*Laughs.*) If Gene Simmons wants to write me a check for $25 million, then maybe I'll reconsider. (*Laughs.*) It's a bad marriage. I like to work with people that do what they say, say what they are going to do and keep it aboveboard. I don't like shady stuff.

What is the best part of being Ace Frehley in 2010?

I'm just happy to be alive. (*Laughs.*) I seriously mean that. Some days I'll still wake up and can't find my ass with both hands. There are other days I wake up and feel I can ponder the inner workings of quantum mechanics. I never know how it's going to be. Today is a very good day. My ability now to write, produce and create is much better than it ever was. I think I'm going to stick with the plan. (*Laughs.*)



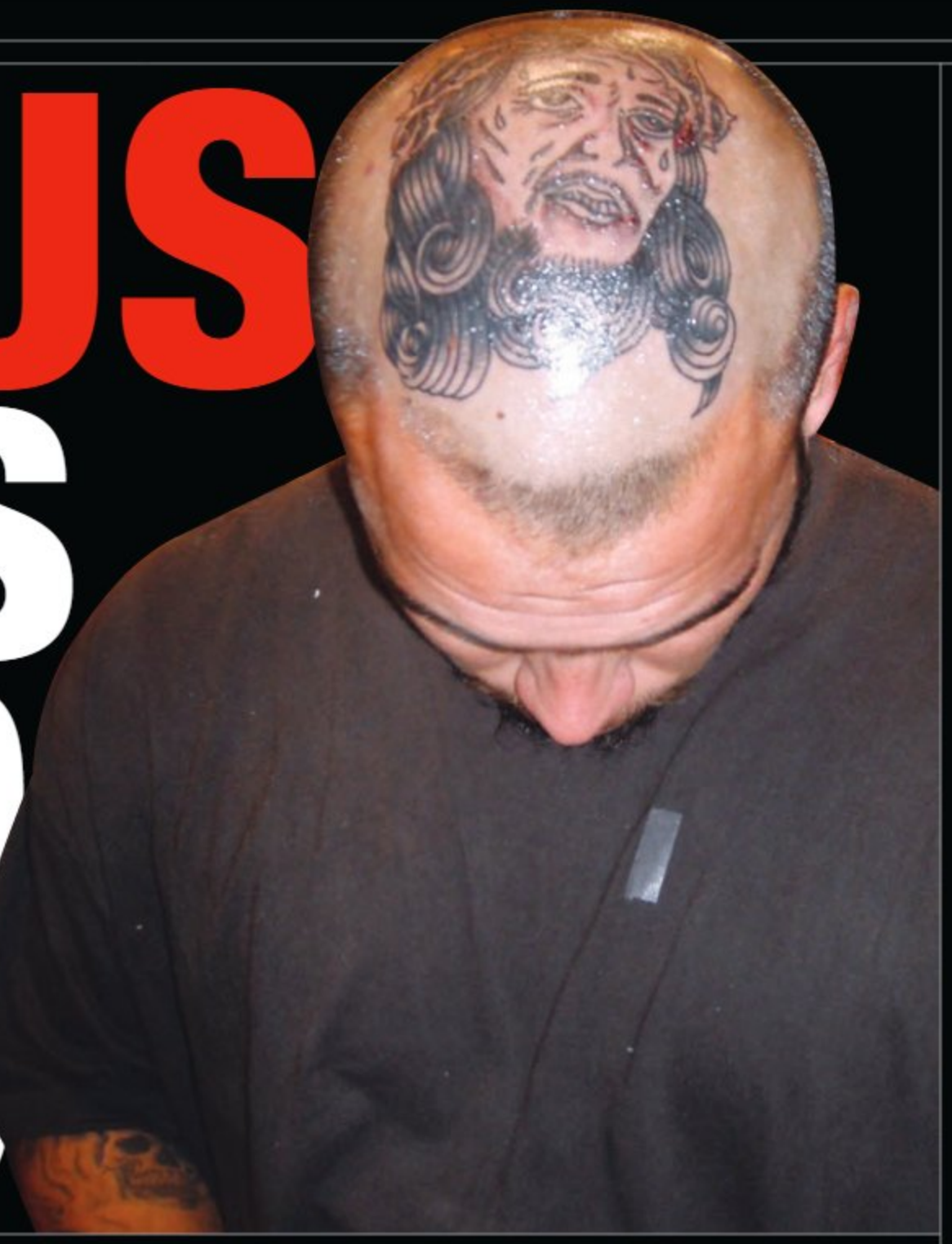
"Jimmy's grades are fine, but he has been showing an intense interest in the opposite sex."



"This is not what it looks like."

BY SUN KARMA

JESUS GIVES GOOD HEAD



TITS, TATS AND TALENTED INK ARTISTS ABOUND AT THE 7TH ANNUAL RICHMOND TATTOO ARTS FESTIVAL

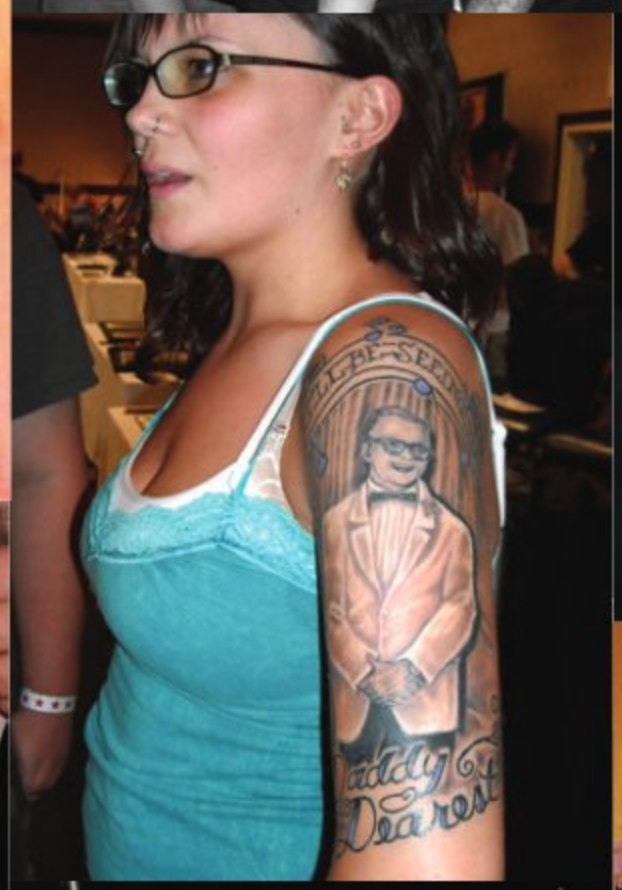
Nothing turns me on so much as great ink. Packing up my T-bar and pasties, I headed out to the Richmond Tattoo Arts Festival. It was founded by Billy Eason, a cute, old, balding man endearing enough to charm the skirt off any woman half his age. Eason runs Capital Tattoo, an icon of the Virginia city's tattoo culture.

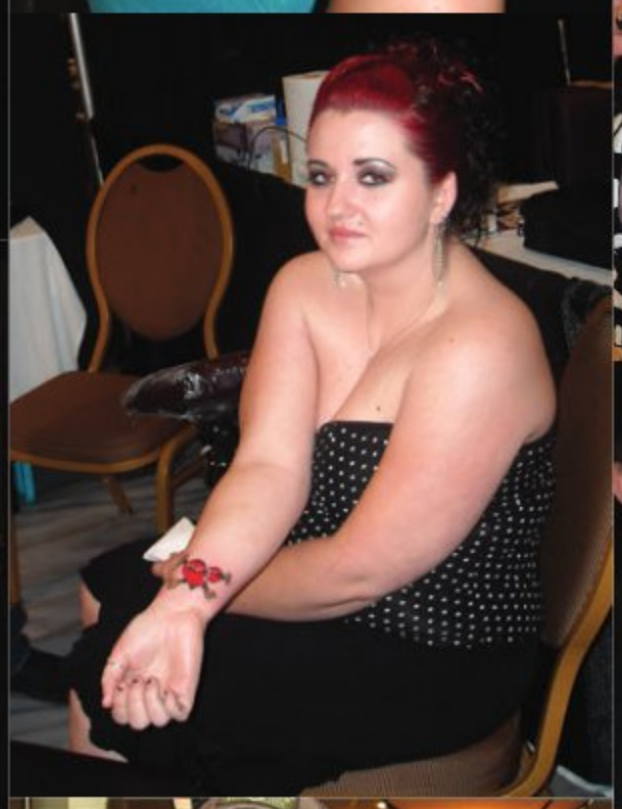
If you can judge a tattoo convention by the artists that fill the booths and the crowd that congregates, then Richmond's summer festival arguably tops the list for best on the East Coast.

Traipsing down the aisles in my eight-inch stripper shoes, I would get to see the finest of the ink-slinging industry: Mike Ivey, Sean Karn, Jack Rudy, Rodney Raines, Sarah Peacock, Paul Acker and James Vaughn, to name a few.

PHOTOS BY SUN KARMA

PHOTO CREDIT





The convention hall was filled with cigarette smoke and the buzzing of people going under the "gun." Spotting my ID, a tattoo carney warbled, "You are one popular lady." Being a HUSTLER roving reporter has gained me a certain notoriety. "Have fun," he said, handing me my press pass. Of course, where there is Sun, there is fun—legal, illegal or otherwise.

"It's hard for me to say, ladies, but I think my fresh knockwurst could make a decent double-dong."

Spinning around on my pointy heels, I was immediately confronted by boobs. The Gypsy Queens, whose motto is "Tats not tits," greeted me with warm smiles and ample cleavage. The ringleader—strangely reminiscent of Joanna Angel with her rockabilly good looks, waifish frame and prominent ink—invited me to chat with her.

A sucker for cute women with boobs even bigger than my own, I sat down to discuss Richmond's newest-yet-most-endearing tattooed sisterhood. Unlike other "alternative" models with tats—say "punk porn" girls—the Gypsy Queens are out to promote a positive image of women with ink. Organized nationally, they do not discriminate: You can be sexy with your clothes on, and all ages, sizes and ethnicities are welcome. Being comfortable in your own skin is what really counts!

Next was an artistic event where only the boldest and bravest ink aficionados competed in flesh-to-flesh combat under the steady buzz of the tattoo needle. As skin was bared and fondled, judging was conducted in various categories: best color, best portrait and so on.

A friend of mine, the esteemed artist Sean Karn, walked away with three awards. I gave him a personal hug award but dreamed of more salacious things. The man is hotter than a lit match in the Texas desert. I tore myself away before making a wet mess of myself.

Drinking a beer, I noticed a young Latin man preparing to get his noggin shaved. *What could he possibly be doing?* I wondered, pressing forward for a closer look. He was fairly attractive, about 20 years of age. Once his head was completely bald, a tattoo artist gingerly applied a stencil for what was to be…Jesus!

No, I'm not kidding. When finished, the image would be a blasphemous "Shroud of Turin" on skin.

Other than sheer stupidity or insane devotion, what would possess a guy to get such an iconographic symbol as the Lord himself tattooed forever on the top of his head? *Jesus shaves*, I thought to myself.

Soon I was assaulted from behind by Mike Ivey. He has been tattooing me for the past 15 years with such vim and vigor that I think of him as a brother in ink rather than a person I pay to do my tattoos. Over the years, as I let him bring my every inked notion to life, we have grown close.

I left the festival feeling good. Capital Tattoo would be holding another one after Halloween, and I thought it only fitting that—being a true HUSTLER gal—I return for more flesh, art and impropriety. As Larry Flynt might quip, "Relax, it's only ink!"

Based in Richmond, Virginia, Sun Karma is a self-proclaimed "model with an edge," prolific author, avid gamer and HUSTLER's roving reporter. For more, visit **SunKarma.net**.

Teena Marie
Remembering Rick James

Teena Marie, the first lady of funk, was the yin to Rick James's yang. Lady Tee sat down with us to reminisce about her former mentor/lover/friend, the man she knew as Rick "Motherfucking" James.

HUSTLER: When did you first meet Rick James?

TEENA MARIE: I was playing piano in Stevie Wonder's office. I used to go in there and write songs. I had been hearing about him from my manager. He walked in with his hair half-braided under a Hendrix hat. He had on platform sandals and a lot of turquoise jewelry. He looked the part of a star already.

Tell us about being James's protégée.

I'm the first person that he produced other than himself. I worked on his *Bustin' Out* album. I did all the background vocals on that while he was producing my first album, *Wild and Peaceful*.

What was the creative process like?

We were friends and very close. Rick really loved my lyrics. He asked me if he could take my poetry book, which had about 200 pieces in it. He wanted to read it and see what I was into. Days later we were rehearsing at his house. He said, "I want you to hear this song 'Déjà Vu' that I wrote for you." It was this beautiful song. The band was playing, and he was singing it to me. Tears were just streaming down my face because it was so amazing, so deeply spiritual and so me. It's funny because a year later, when I got my poetry book back, I realized that they were *my* lyrics! No wonder it sounded like me! It was me!

Is it true your first hit, "Sucka for Love," wasn't written for you?

It was originally written for Diana Ross. Motown [Records] wanted Rick to produce her, but he wanted to do the whole album, and they wanted him to do just one song. When he realized that, he said, "I don't wanna do that. Matter of fact, I would rather produce her—the little white girl."

When did you and Rick become lovers?

About three and a half years after we started working together. It would have started before that because he was hitting on me all the time. It lasted maybe a year.

What did Rick think about the attention he got from the Chappelle show?

He loved it. He thought it was funny. The whole "I'm Rick James, bitch!" thing wasn't really true. What he used to say was, "I'm Rick 'Motherfucking' James!" But I guess they couldn't say that on TV."

Did his death in 2004 shock you?

No. We were on tour for that whole year before he died. We were singing to each other every night. I was looking in his eyes, and he in my eyes. It hurt because I didn't want to see it, but I could actually see him going somewhere else.

Did he want to go?

I really feel he did. He was a big-bang person. His health wasn't really good, and one night when he was onstage with me, he started breathing really bad while singing "Fire and Desire." He dropped down to his knees to make it really dramatic like it was part of the show. But I knew something was wrong, so I had his back and went down there with him.

After he went off the stage, Rick couldn't even breathe. They had to get him an oxygen tank. He looked at me and said, "Wouldn't that have made a great ending to the movie? If I would have died in your arms onstage?"

What is Rick James's legacy?

I'm wearing a "Super Freak" T-shirt, but his legacy really wasn't just that. He did write some beautiful music, not just "Super Freak." He was a deeply spiritual man. He was also intelligent, intriguing and charming. We used to ride around in Buffalo listening to Aretha Franklin. I like to think that when Rick got to heaven, Aretha Franklin was playing to welcome him.

Teena Marie's new CD, *Congo Square*, is out now. ■

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

The Dirty Dozen
TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

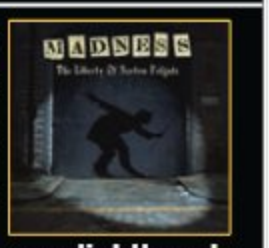
CHICKENFOOT
Chickenfoot

There are supergroups, and then there are SUPERGROUPS! Chickenfoot is the latter. Former Van Halen bandmates Sammy Hagar and Michael Anthony have teamed up with guitar god Joe Satriani and Chad Smith of the Red Hot Chili Peppers for this rocking debut!

TORI AMOS
Abnormally Attracted to Sin

Call us abnormal, but we have always been attracted to the fiery-haired piano rocker. Her latest aptly titled disc is full of the lust and longing that make Amos so damn hot in the first place.

MADNESS
The Liberty of Norton Folgate

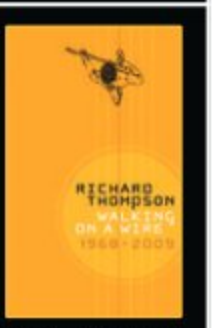


It's been ten long years since ska legends Madness dropped an album of new material on our shores. The Brits' latest is a welcome, slightly subdued (yet catchy) return. Highlights include "Rainbows" and "Idiot Child."

DANNY ELFMAN
Terminator Salvation (Soundtrack)

Danny Elfman does it again. Now a mega-composer, the onetime Oingo Boingo singer provides a dark and heart-racing score to the latest chapter in the *Terminator* saga.

RICHARD THOMPSON
Walking on a Wire



We've long been fans of the British folkie with the wicked sense of humor ever since he mentioned our illustrious publication in his song "Read About Love." This four-CD set covers Thompson's illustrious career from his early days with Fairport Convention through the brilliant years with his wife, right up to today. If you don't know him, *Walking on a Wire* is a perfect introduction.

JARVIS COCKER
Further Complications

The former Pulp frontman strikes out on his own for a second time with a more fully realized release than his debut. Cocker's crashing and trashy disc could have been called *Chicks I'd Like to Fuck*, since most of the songs are about unsuccessful pursuits of hot women. See, even some rock stars can't get lucky. *(continued on page 94)*

“I’m CHARLIE MURPHY, Bitch!”

Comic Charlie Murphy spent a lot of years living in the shadow of his younger brother, superstar Eddie Murphy. That all changed with four little words: “I’m Rick James, bitch!” First uttered by Dave Chappelle during a “Charlie Murphy’s True Hollywood Stories” sketch on *Chappelle’s Show*, the now-legendary catchphrase launched Murphy into his well-deserved place in the spotlight. Since then, the funnyman has been playing sold-out standup shows around the world.

HUSTLER: You started in comedy after your brother was a huge star. Was that tough?

CHARLIE MURPHY: It was impossible until the time the *Chappelle* show took off, and everyone accepted me as a funny person. Only then was I allowed by the public to go do standup. Prior to that, if I were to go onstage in the olden days, people would say, “Where was you at when our brother did this and that? How are you all of a sudden funny.” Once the *Chappelle* show hit, that all got washed away.

How did you end up on the show?

I was home watching TV, and the phone rang. It was the *Chappelle* show production office calling. They said we have a role for this TV show; would you like to do it? The next day my business manager called up and said the *Chappelle* show called, and they want you to come in and audition for this role. I told him, “They called me yesterday and said I had the role.” Then Dave called and said, “You don’t have to audition.” I had never heard of the show. I went in and did the “Mad Real World Sketch” and was on the show for the rest of its time.

How did your breakout sketch, “Charlie Murphy’s True Hollywood Stories,” come about?

That grew out of the atmosphere of the show, which was real friendly and open. At lunch we would all be sitting at the table with Dave. My natural personality is that of a talker and storyteller. I was just talking about things that had taken place in my life, and homeboy said, “Yo, that right there is funny.”

Were all the stories true? You beat up Rick James and played basketball with Prince in his heels?

Absolutely!—to a point. See, I don’t believe in behind the scenes. You see a movie, and it’s a great movie, then they show you how they made that movie. That takes the magic away. If I show you a trick and then show you how I do the trick, it’s no longer a trick. You’re no longer saying “Wow!” Did you see *Independence Day*? Did you believe we were being invaded by aliens? No. But you enjoyed the movie, right? (*Laughs.*)

Did you think that the Rick James sketch would become so huge?

Not at first. I remember the day we filmed it. We were standing in a soundproof room, and they were showing the footage to a live audience. Through the double soundproof door we felt the walls start shaking. I was standing there with costar Donnell Rawlings, and he looked at me and said, “You just came up big-time.”

When he said that, I just took it like we talking right now. I didn’t go, “Yo, I hit the lottery!” But in the true sense of the word, I did. I heard the exact moment. Two soundproof doors and we heard a rumble of laughter. We had never heard a laugh come through a wall.

I saw Dave two weeks after that when we had Kanye West, Mos Def and Freeway on the show. They were filming a video segment on the West Side Highway in New York City. I pulled up in a car, and Dave was real happy. He said, “That Rick James sketch blew up!” Still, I’m like, “Blew up? Okay.” I wasn’t looking at it in the sense of blew up like a hit record or hit movie. The next day I was on the radio talking about the sketch. I don’t think I’ve ever heard in the history of comedy someone going on the radio the following day for an interview about it. The only thing close to that is what happened with the Tina Fey/Sarah Palin thing.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

TWISTED SISTER
Stay Hungry: 25th Anniversary Edition
In 1984 Twisted Sister changed the face of metal. Their breakthrough top-20 album is revisited here, bolstered by a disc of bonus material. Sure, there are live tracks and demos, but the most exciting inclusion is a brand-new studio recording! Do you still wanna rock?! Hell yes, you do!

THOSE DARLINS
Those Darlins
Part ’50s girl group, part Southern rockers, these three twentysomethings from Nashville can surely outdrink (and outfight) the Dixie Chicks. The ladies’ debut CD is packed with sass and attitude wrapped in a bourbon-soaked cowpunk strut.

PHOENIX
Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix
Perfect is hard to come by these days—unless you’re the French collective known as Phoenix. Their latest CD is a deeply textured slice of danceable pop genius so perfect it hurts. Think Roxy Music with the rock attitude of the Strokes. There, you have Phoenix.

COOKBOOK
I Love the 80’s
Rapper Cookbook of the hip-hop group LA Symphony loves the ’80s. Just look at the title of this bangin’ CD, which he packed with songs about icons from “the Reagan Years” like Molly Ringwald and wrestler André the Giant.

THE SOUNDS
Crossing the Rubicon
Straight outta Sweden, the Sounds channel both Blondie and Missing Persons (as well as some Paramore) on their third disc. Catchy punk-pop your thing? Then here’s your new favorite band.

PLACEBO
Battle for the Sun
The “Pure Morning” guys return with another jagged and jarring album of vibrant and powerful songs. Free from the grip of a major label, Placebo seems more uninhibited than ever on *Battle for the Sun*, their sixth CD.

Are there more "Charlie Murphy's True Hollywood Stories"?

Yes. I have a show on **Crackle.com** where you can see some webisodes that I've written and produced. Right now there are 11 of them. It's a sketch/talk show. Not only will you see me, but everyone involved in the project are funny comedians, including Donnell Rawlings.

How did you find out *Chappelle's Show* ended?

I was home, and the phone rang. I was supposed to work that day. They said, "Production's been canceled; they're striking the set." I didn't take it as the show was canceled. I called somebody else and said, "Yo, they canceled today's work. I guess Dave's not showing up." They said, "No, the whole show is canceled. Dave is not showing up ever again." That was it.

Why do you think Chappelle left the show?

I really don't have the slightest idea why he left. My relationship with him was jokes and show business. He obviously left for personal reasons. That segment of his life didn't include me.

Have you had contact with him since?

Yeah. He seems like a happy dude whenever I see him. We say, "What's up?" and talk about comedy, and that's it. The relationship is the same as it ever was. I haven't ever brought up anything about the show or nothing.

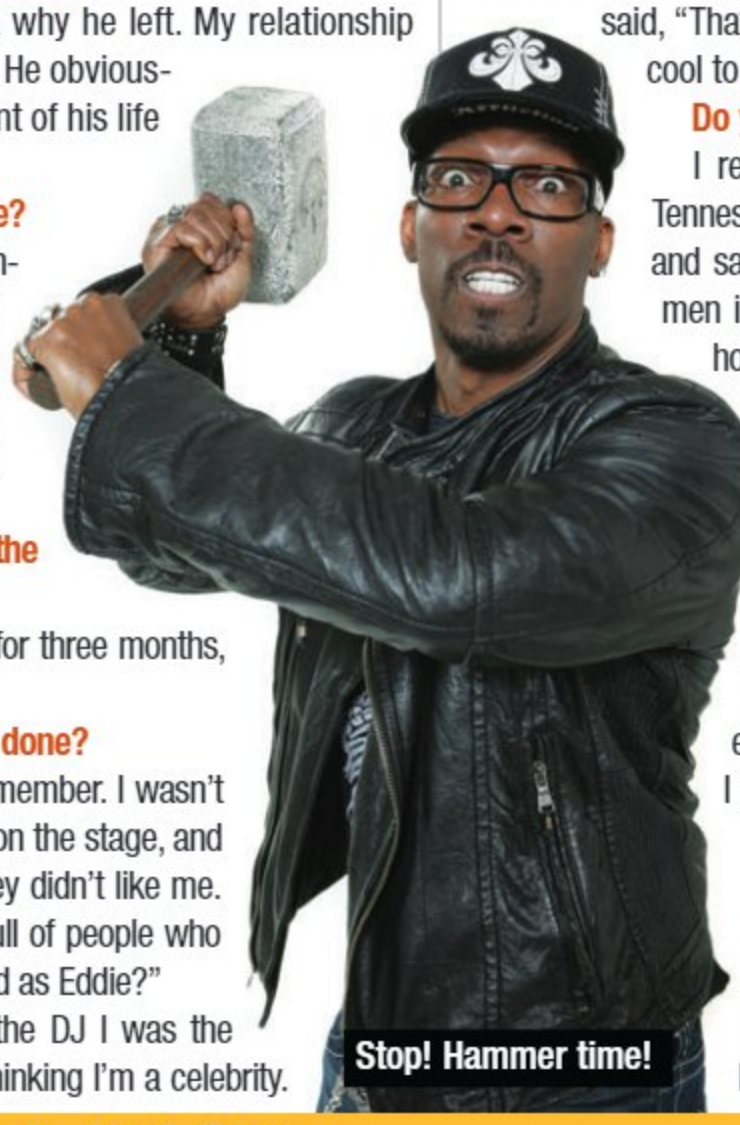
After the show ended, you went on the road for a sold-out tour.

We were supposed to be on the road for three months, and here we are six years later.

What was the worst gig you've ever done?

The worst show is one I can easily remember. I wasn't actually allowed to do the show. I walked on the stage, and the crowd started booing. "Boo! Boo!" They didn't like me. This was a night when I was in a room full of people who were still of the old thinking: "Is he as good as Eddie?"

I did an interview that day and told the DJ I was the LeBron James of comedy. I was cocky, thinking I'm a celebrity. When I went onstage that night, my spirit was with that. It wasn't with God. You have to go onstage humble. That night I went onstage full of it.


Stop! Hammer time!

The best show?

In my heart of hearts it was a show my brother came to. Early on I saw my brother onstage live, and it all clicked. I saw this guy was not the average Joe. I saw Eddie, and he was doing an impression of Al Green at a talent show. He won the talent show, demolished the competition. The girls were acting like they were looking at the real Al Green. My reaction was so strong seeing what I was seeing that I actually screamed out loud, "AAAAHHHH! AHHHHH!" I remember going, "That's my brother!"

The flip side of that, Eddie came to *my* show, and he said, "Remember how you said seeing me onstage made you scream?" He said, "That's the way you made me feel tonight. Only I'm too cool to scream." (*Laughs.*)

Do you have any comedy groupie stories?

I remember this guy walking up to me in Nashville, Tennessee. It was him and two women. He walked up to me and said, "Charlie Murphy, I think you one of the funniest men in the world, and it would be an honor if you come home with me and make love to my wife." I was like, "What, you can't be serious!" He said, "Bitch, show Charlie Murphy your titties!" His wife and the other woman whipped those titties right out.

I can't mention his name, but the comic that was with me left with these people and went to their trailer in the woods to spend the night. He had a good time. But no way I'm going to a trailer in the woods with people I just met at my show. I see that, I start running!

What else do you have coming up?

I have a movie called *The Hustle* coming out with my man Al Shear from *Punk'd* and BET. I'm putting out my book *Making of a Stand-Up Guy*, shooting a stand-up comedy DVD and just keeping it moving, keeping it fresh. ■

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

ROBOT CHICKEN: *Star Wars Episode II*

The second installment of Seth Green and company's action-figures-packed *Star Wars* trilogy is here! Time to get your geek on. Here's an idea: Why don't you crack your own *Star Wars* collectibles from their original packages and play along? We know, stupid idea. That would ruin their value.

DOLLHOUSE: *Season One*

Eliza Dushku is the hottest girl with the most enchanting last name we know. Season One of Joss Whedon's adventurous series about mind-wiped, DNA-altered humans is as sexy as it is scary—thanks to Dushku.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS & ALIENATE PEOPLE

Sure, Simon Pegg is funny and Jeff Bridges turns in his best performance since *The Big Lebowski.* None of that matters, because the real star of this film is superhot Megan Fox.

JEFF BUCKLEY: *Grace Around the World*

Since there have been nearly a dozen posthumous releases since the singer's death, we were skeptical about this DVD. Those feelings went away the minute we saw Buckley captured at the height of his powers, performing songs from his masterwork *Grace* at various locations worldwide.

VIDEOGAME THEATER

Move over *Crank Yankers*; another twisted puppet show has earned favored nations status. *Videogame Theater* takes some of the icons from the age of Atari and messes them up in a big way. Pac-Man as a pill-popping, wife-beater? Frogger as a homicidal maniac? A retarded Q-bert? Yep, they're all here.

SETH MACFARLANE'S CAVALCADE OF CARTOON COMEDY UNCENSORED!

The mad genius behind *Family Guy* and *American Dad* should have called his new DVD *Shit I Wanted to Put on TV But Couldn't Because of Network Censors*. It is packed with short, raunchy vignettes.

SPACEBALLS *(Blu-ray Disc)*

May the Schwartz be with you—again! The Mel Brooks *Star Wars* parody blasts onto Blu-ray with a ton of bonus features, including flubs, outtakes and a collection of all-new satiric adventures directed by Brooks.

MOVIE Mammaries

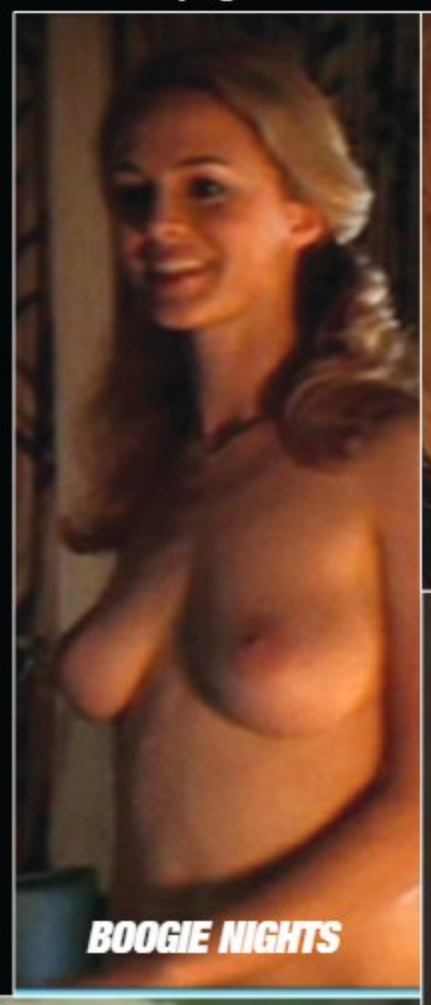
HEATHER GRAHAM
ROLLERGIRL AND BEYOND!

KILLING ME SOFTLY

Heather Graham has never been afraid to show off her body to the world. That is, if the role called for some skin, and it was important to the plot. The blond beauty has racked up an impressive list of films offering topless stints and onscreen humping.

Heather first captured our attention in ***Terrified*** (1995). Although this low-budget horror flick doesn't feature any Graham nudity, it does showcase her in a decidedly not terrifying girl-on-girl makeout session. The perky starlet really hit her stride with a breakthrough turn as Rollergirl in ***Boogie Nights*** (1997). This classic about life in the porn industry is packed with sex and eye candy, notably Heather's bouncing boobs and ample bush.

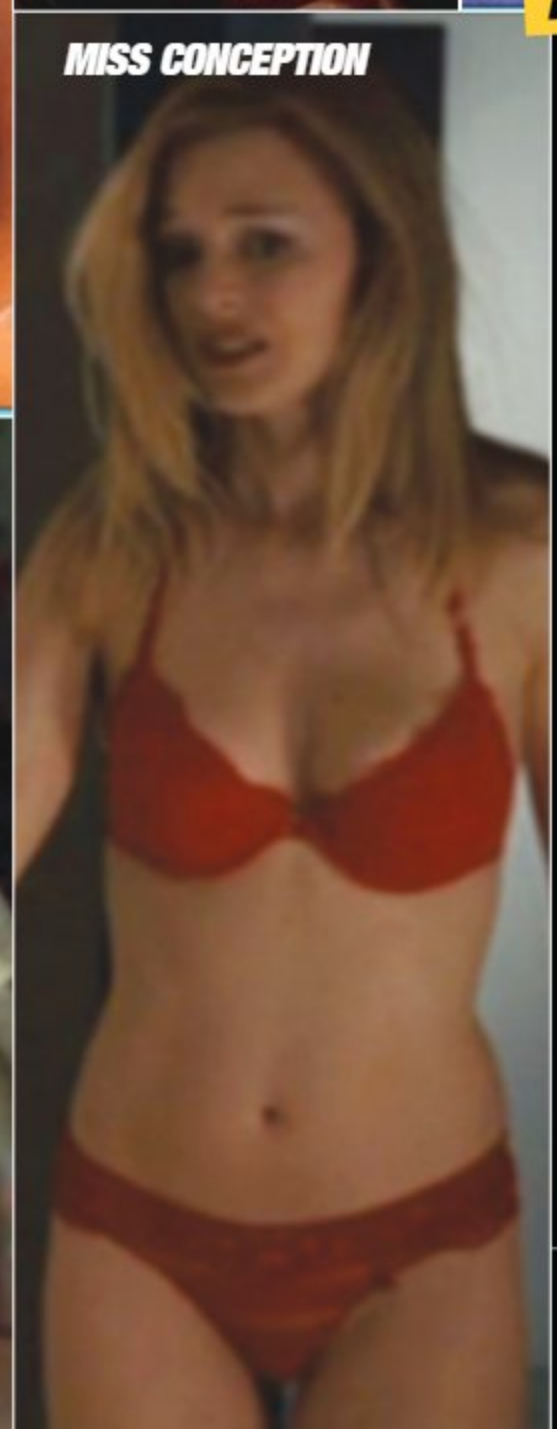
It would be a long, hard five years of mostly forgettable films until Graham showed off those magnificent natural breasts again. But it was worth the wait! Her performance in ***Killing Me Softly*** (2002) rivals her work in ***Boogie Nights***. The stunner's outdoor topless romp alone is Oscar-worthy.


BOOGIE NIGHTS

TERRIFIED

BROKEN

Now Available on DVD!


MISS CONCEPTION

Broken (2006) features a ton of must-see scenes, including surprisingly believable simulated screwing and another sizzling lesbian lip lock. Heather sure does like to kiss girls—in front of the camera at least. You know, for art's sake.

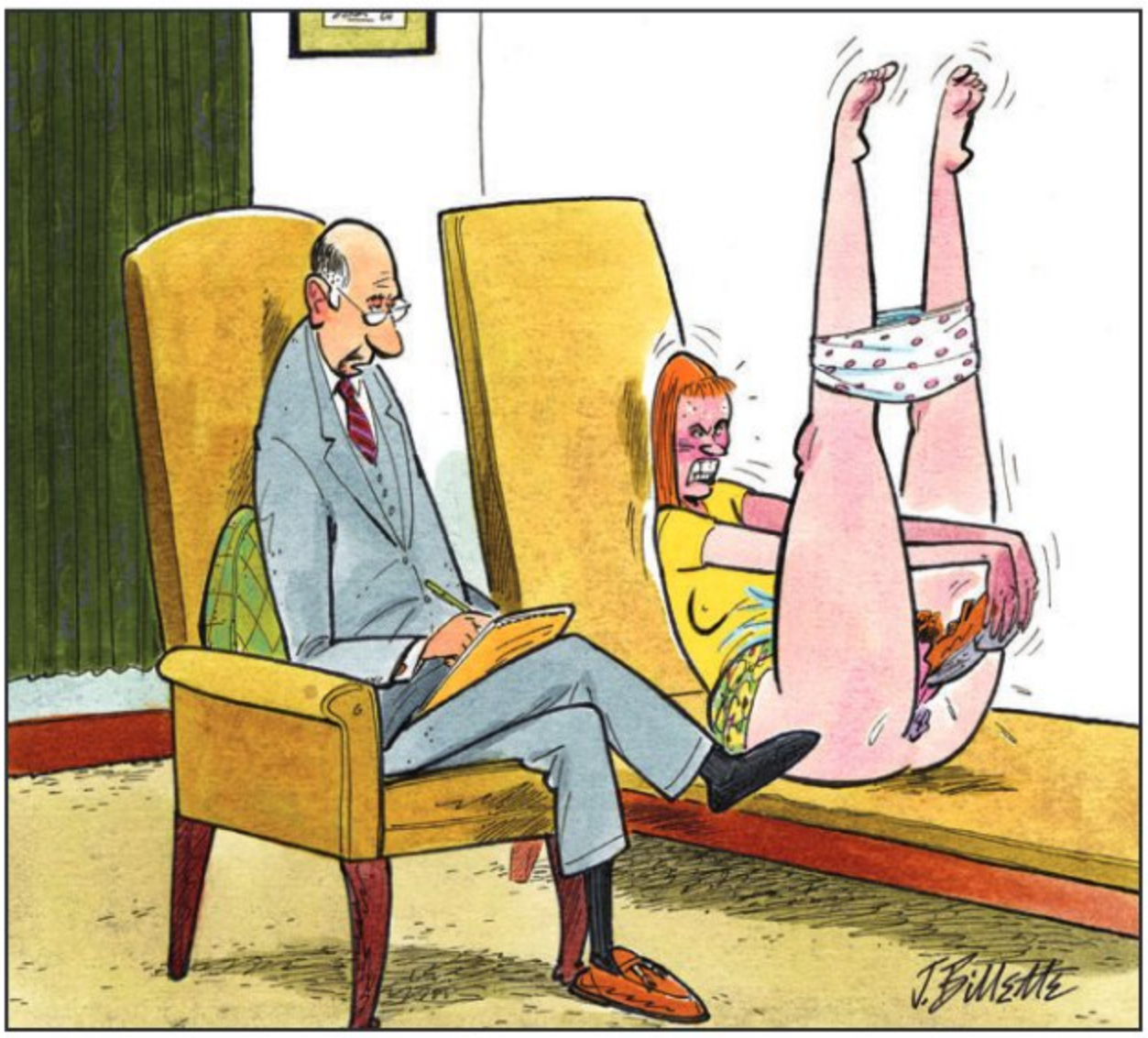
Sure, the depressing drama ***Adrift in Manhattan*** (2007) is hard to watch, but the unrated version is worth a look thanks to Graham's nude crying jag. Call us sadistic, but a naked girl sobbing is kinda hot.

Need more of titillating Heather? You know you do! Rent ***Miss Conception*** (2008) for a double accidental nip slip, as well as the gorgeous actress prancing about in lacy red lingerie. Finally, Graham's recent performance in ***The Hangover*** (2009) ranks very high in her risqué résumé. Not only does the babe get topless for all to enjoy, but she also returns to her roots, strapping on a pair of rollerskates.

Remember, HUSTLER continually delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's a sexy actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.

KILLING ME SOFTLY

"Omigod, Lois! What have I done?!"



"It's too soon in your analysis for me to categorize you as a sex addict, Miss Brown...but may I have my shoe back, please?"

(continued from page 56) "He wanted me to model for him, and I wouldn't," she shares. "Turned out to be a source of tension. He has mommy issues." On the other hand, Dana and Aiden bemusedly acknowledge the Jenna Jameson and Wicked Contract Girl action figures hanging on the wall.

Will a Dana doll hang alongside them one day? How would that make her feel? She passes them quickly without comment.

Dana pays for the merchandise, then jumps into her car. Along the way to Fred 62, a chichi diner in nearby Los Feliz, Aiden and Dana size up several Angelenos on the street. A bulky *guido* (nice body, tacky combover), a scrawny twentysomething female with no figure (Aiden insists it's a dude) and a large black male in a J.Crew sweater (Dana says he's white) all get theirs. Earlier at Lamill's, I recall Dana mentioning, "I'm not gonna look down my nose at somebody because they can just turn around and look at me and say, 'Well, you have sex for money, and you're a prostitute.' "

At Fred 62, Dana talks about her Sphynx cats, Heinrich and Svenya. She's trying, unsuccessfully so far, to toilet-train them. Dana's lips curl as she gazes at the two half-filled ashtrays, and she asks the waitress to remove them. An uncle of hers recently died from a chronic lung disease, further strengthening Dana's aversion to decay. "I like the idea of people not realizing I'm almost 30, because if you take care of your body, you can look young forever," she insists.

Finishing up lunch, Dana drops Aiden off at her car back in Silver Lake before going to the post office. She's mailing her Apple hard drive to her brother, who'll transfer the files to a brand-new laptop. "Geez, there's a *lot* of people here," she notices uneasily. This means sharing space with strangers in line, triggering her anthrophobia once again. Some kids are playing in front of her. No way is she ever gonna have kids, though she won't get her tubes tied. "I'd rather get other surgery done, like botox," Dana remarks. "I need what's down there for my profession."

Having shared enough of her life with a total stranger, she needs some me-time. "I made my life so I don't have to come into contact with lots of people except for once or twice a year when I sign," she mentioned earlier in the day. "It's not like some weird shit where I'm talking to people, and we're just not understanding one another because I'm bizarre, and they're maybe more normal."

Fair enough. Once excused, you can't even count to ten before Dana DeArmond has again hidden herself away from the world's judgment.

Justin Hampton is a veteran freelance writer who has covered sex, music and vice for *High Times* and other publications.

Everybody Loves Lucy

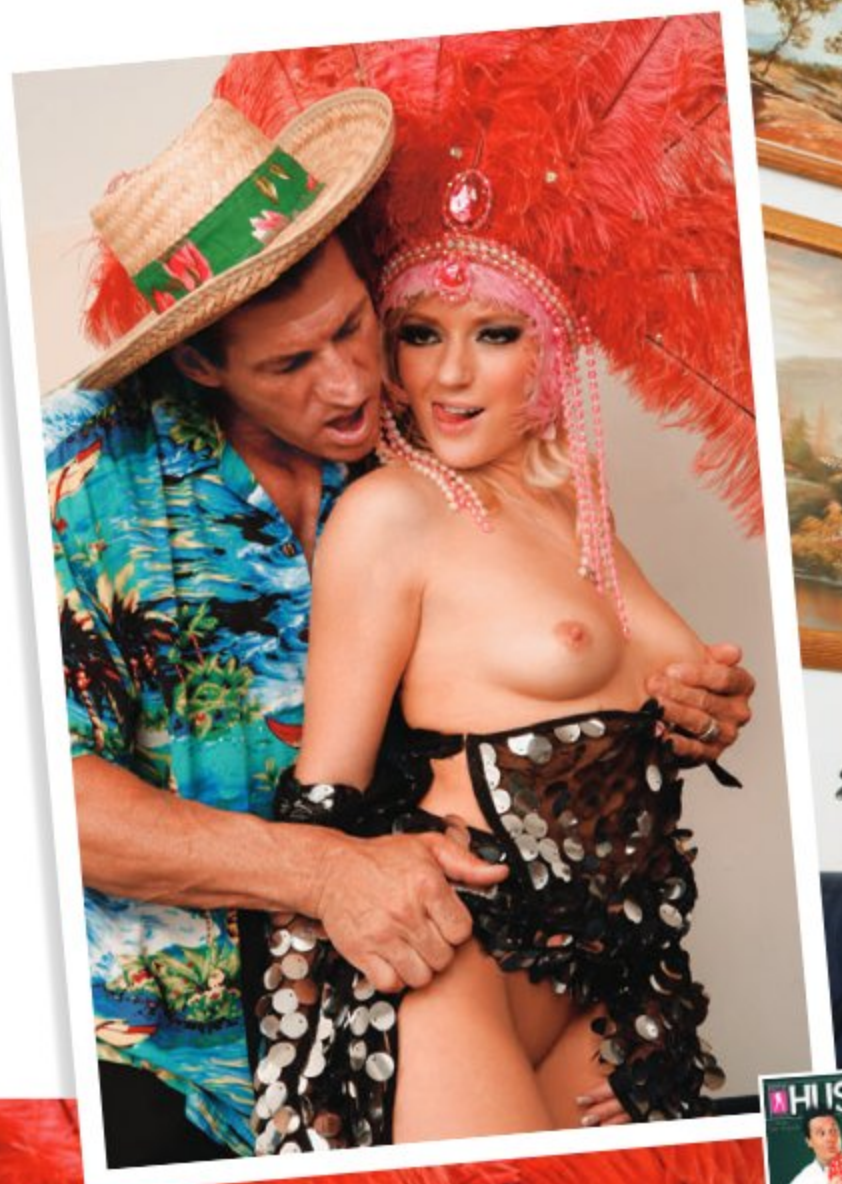
PHOTOS COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Aaah! Yeaaah! Yeaaah! Lucy has some splaining to do!

This porntastic parody of the classic TV show really lives up to its name. Yes, *everybody* loves Lucy—literally! Portrayed by Audrey Hollander, the boob tube legend gets down and dirty with Latin ladies man Ricky "Dickhardo" and all the rest of her costars.

When Lucy sneaks into Ricky's big band club, she discovers the place has been transformed into an orgy palace. All that group action makes the fiery redhead lose control. Moments later she gets into a terrific threesome with Ricky (played by Hollander's real-life husband Otto Bauer) and Ethel (Chennin Blanc). The suave bandleader bangs both ladies repeatedly.

Then there's the alien abduction sex scene you have to see to believe. This XXX film (in living color) is sure to have you reaching for more than a bottle of Vitameatavegamin.



Everybody Loves Lucy is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

"You see, Governor Sanford, now you don't have to leave the good ol' USA for a lil' pussy on the side."

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

Students, friends and family members gather at a memorial service for freshman Jason Wren.

PHOTO BY RYAN McGEENEY

A Petition for Privacy

Two alcohol-related deaths prompt **University of Kansas** administrators to seek policy changes that would compromise students' rights.

Some University of Kansas students may have to think about their right to privacy this fall. KU officials have proposed authorizing senior residence hall assistants—who are also students—to enter dormitory rooms without a search warrant if they believe there is probable cause involving alcohol or drug abuse. Students living in dorms need to be aware of their fundamental rights concerning privacy or many may find themselves without it.

Marlesa A. Roney, Vice Provost for Student Success, has spearheaded several policy changes following the deaths of freshmen Jason Wren and Dalton Hawkins last semester. Wren, a 19-year-old from Littleton, Colorado, was found dead on March 8, 2009, in the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house after a night of heavy drinking and only a week after he'd been kicked out of a residence hall for drinking violations.

Hawkins's body was discovered on April 24 outside a scholarship hall. The 18-year-old Kansas native had fallen from the roof of the building, and an autopsy confirmed that alcohol was in Hawkins's system prior to his death.

Once the bodies started to stack up on KU's doorstep, it was only a matter of time before the stench began to take its hold on university officials.

Talk of changing KU's alcohol and privacy policies began merely a month after Wren died. Because Wren hadn't signed a FERPA (Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act) waiver, his parents weren't informed of violations he committed while living on campus until after his death. Jay Wren, Jason's father, stated to *The University Daily Kansan*—KU's student newspaper—and other publications that his son's life could have been saved if he had been aware of Jason's drinking violations sooner. However, many KU students believe that their rights shouldn't be compromised just because of one person's mistakes.

Prior to the implementation of the new policies, once a student began classes at KU, regardless of whether the student had reached 18 years of age, all FERPA rights transferred to him or her, meaning the student must provide a written consent in order for the parent or guardian to gain access to his or her educational records.

However, under the Kansas Board of Regents policy, the university may not withhold from parents the written record of grades earned by a student who is a dependent for tax purposes. Parents may have access to the grades of that student without his or her written consent, but not to other records.

The new policy, among several KU adopted, states that parents and legal guardians will be notified when an under-legal-drinking-age student violates any university drug or alcohol policy or endangers his or her own or someone else's health. As a direct result of Wren's death, parents will also be notified if a student's housing contract has been canceled because of any violation involving drugs or alcohol. KU will also require all incoming students to complete an online alcohol assessment within six weeks of attending their first class.

The amnesty policy was also revised. No action can be taken by the university if a student calls for medical assistance on behalf of a person experiencing an alcohol-related emergency if the student is on campus.

Student Body President Mason Heilman has said university officials were trying to pass the new privacy policy for residence halls by August. However, he and other student government representatives thought that was too fast.

So what's to fear? The university appears to be extending its hand to better the world for underage students interested in consuming alcohol—possibly preventing fatalities and allowing parents to become involved before it's too late. However, just being a student on a college campus shouldn't require a student to surrender the right to privacy even if Dad or Mom is paying the bills.

Students attend college for education, but the overall experience is irreplaceable in the sense that most of us take away much more than what we learn by sitting in a classroom.

A petition for privacy is in order for KU students, or they may see the rest of their fundamental rights flushed down the toilet, along with that last shot of tequila.

Jesse Trimble, who earned a bachelor's degree in journalism and mass communications at the University of Kansas, remained editor in chief of *The University Daily Kansan* through the 2009 summer semester. She exercises not only her First but also her Second Amendment rights.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 133 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

Envii: University of Hawaii at Hilo

"I am a down-to-earth-but-passionate free spirit," professes Envii, a UH-Hilo sophomore majoring in psychology and English. "I am also hedonistic. I will take off my clothes almost anywhere in a heartbeat. I kinda like the idea of people seeing me naked."

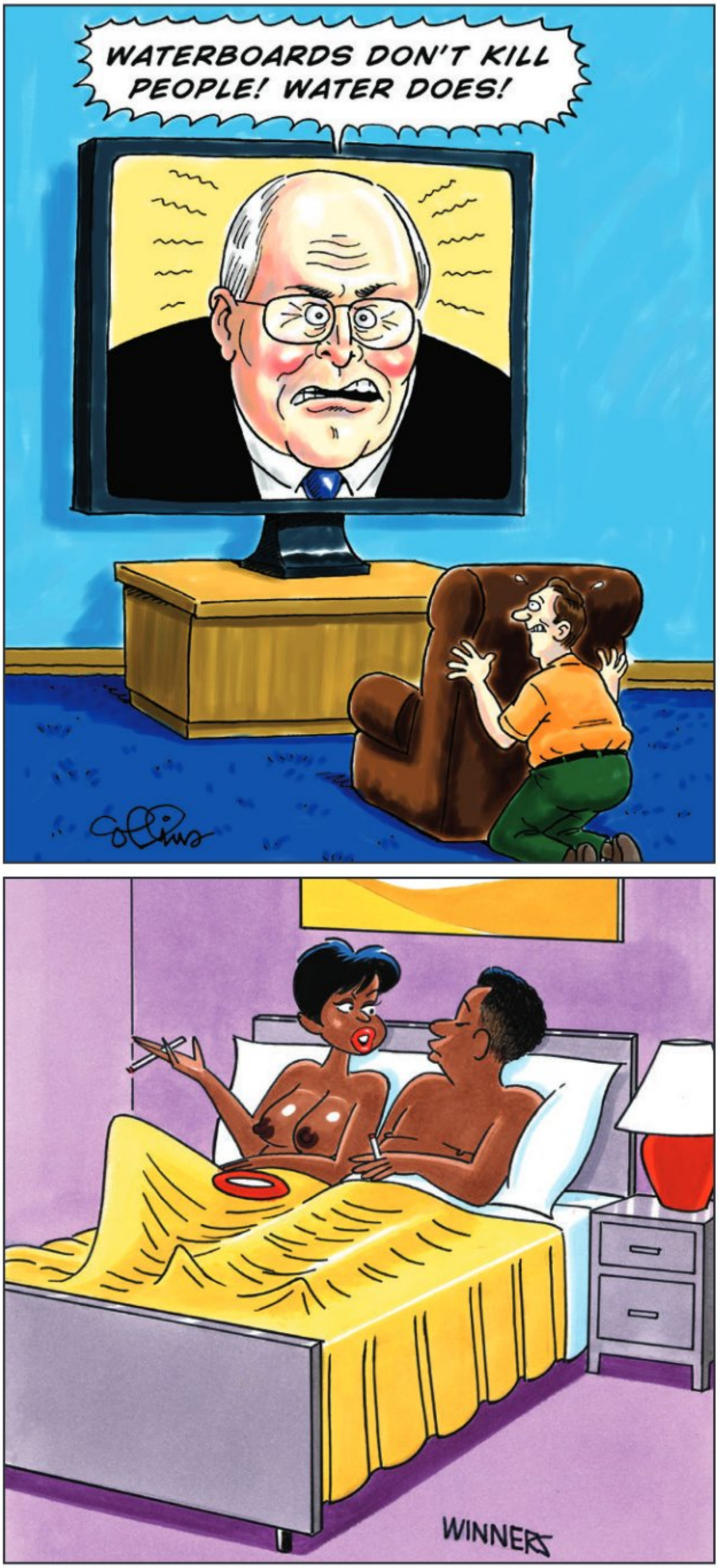
Hailing from Mobile, Alabama, Envii has proudly donned her beloved Stars-and-Bars bikini. However, in keeping with the coed's aforementioned credo (and this magazine's stringent requirements for models), it won't stay on for very long. What a way to make her 20th birthday, coming at the end of December, extra-momentous!

A cheerleader back in high school, Envii may skimp on clothing at times, but the 5-foot-7 cutie has a bundle of extracurricular interests. "My favorite hobby is motocross," she informs us. "I've been riding dirt bikes since I was four. I also like soccer, volleyball, horseback riding, camping, sailing and, of course, skinny-dipping."

Asked why Southern girls are so appealing, Envii drawls, "We get down and dirty! I've always been flirtatious, promiscuous and sexually active. If I see a hot guy while I'm driving, I'll pick him up." Heating things up, the Megadeth and early Metallica fan trumpets, "I really like giving head and doggy-style. And, oh yeah, I'm all about being fucked in the ass!"

Envii, who first went lesbo "on a blanket in the woods" and continues to relish outdoor hanky-panky, has a juicy fantasy: "When I play with myself, which I do a lot, one of the things I cook up is having sex with a girl from school. It would be fun to study each other and get our rocks off too!"

PHOTOS BY KICK BACK PRODUCTIONS



"Baby, as it relates to fucking: When you're good, you're good; but when you're bad, you're terrible!"

(continued from page 59) are a very substantial, wealthy and accomplished part of our society. The GOP loses a lot by alienating that constituency.

You point out in your film that the emotional effect of being in the closet is underestimated. Does anti-gay policy result in part from that personal torment?

Jim McGreevey, the former governor of New Jersey who came out publicly when he resigned, spoke to me about it. He was personally for same-sex marriage in 2000, but he came out against it publicly because he was afraid people would think he was gay. That's one of the examples of how the closet contorts the American political system.

Another thing that happens is these politicians have been in the closet for so long, they're trapped. If they come out, they're admitting to 20 years of misleading their constituency. So they have to continue to vote and act in that manner, which just continues the damaging effects of being in the closet.

Are some of them truly in denial about their own sexuality and what they are doing?

That may be more true with people Larry Craig's age, who grew up during the homophobic 1950s. I've heard people tell stories about having sex with a politician, and as soon as the sex act was over, he'd say, "You know, you're going to go to hell for having gay sex."

There is a thriving gay Republican culture in D.C. and in politics. Some are very accepting of their own homosexuality; they just keep it to themselves. But there's another group that is very ashamed of it and self-loathing.

Is this kind of political homophobia eventually going to die out?

I certainly hope so. I actually think this is not so much a lingering effect of past attitudes as it is a calculated strategy. The Christian Right, of course, viewed this as an issue within its constituency. I think there was a very cynical calculation by the Republican Party to align itself with this. That decision was made over the last 20 or 30 years. Many in the Republican Party, including George W. Bush, are not homophobic at all, but they chose to vilify gays and lesbians as a way of getting in power and staying in power. In some ways that's more abhorrent than if George W. Bush actually were homophobic.

Demographically, things suggest a brighter future. The younger people are, the more accepting they are of gays and lesbians, and the more they think it's really a nonissue. That's hopefully the way everyone will look at it in 50 years. I hope people going into politics now will see my film and realize it could be a mistake politically to be closeted. It's also very painful on a personal level to live that double life. If they're wise, they'll choose to run as openly gay politicians, whether Democrat, Republican or independent.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

COUGARS UNLEASHED #11: Raquel Devine

THIS MONTH: Raquel Devine / AGE: 42

LOCATION: Lake Elsinore, California

SEE HER AT: RaquelDevine.net

This column is dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Raquel Devine is definitely a high-profile Cougar. This year the busty hardbody made her HUSTLER Video debut as the comely and willing Mrs. Cunningham in *This Ain't Happy Days XXX*.

After holding a few "civilian jobs," the Los Angeles native landed in porn at the ripe old age of 30, starring in her first film with Tiffany Mynx a/k/a "Buttwoman." Raquel recalls, "I was employed by a law firm and then Northrop, but I was tired of being sexually harassed and taking so much bullshit in those types of jobs for so little pay. I saw an ad for stripping online way back when the Internet had just started to gain popularity. I went for it and never looked back."

Raquel maintains that being a part of the adult industry accounts for her still-thriving sexuality. "I've definitely explored things in this line of work that I wouldn't have done before," admits the photogenic bombshell, who had her first bi experience while performing at a bachelor party. "And I'm proud and unashamed of what I do and have done."

Right from the start, Raquel had a thirst for a career on the salacious side. She and her girlfriends would dress up and take pictures of each other even before the idea of becoming a porn actress popped into her pretty head. "I've always been very sexual," the fortysomething reveals.

Once a ballet dancer, Raquel now stays in shape thanks to long walks and vigorous exercise in the bedroom. "The reverse cowgirl position keeps me fit," she reckons.

When it comes to dating, Raquel currently has an open relationship with a very confident and secure gentleman. "We have a few rules," she confesses. The arrangement works well for her, especially since possessiveness is a trait she can live without.

Raquel has also taken her openness to a therapeutic level with the launch of SexClinic-Coaches.com and MarriageClinicXXX.com. She and a longtime girlfriend created a workshop specializing in premarital counseling, couples with marriage or dating issues and sex coaching. "The ironic spin is that my partner in the site is an ex-preacher with a master's in psychology," Raquel remarks, "and I'm the XXX crazy chick. We make a great team with innovative advice for the time-honored puzzle: What the fuck is wrong with my relationship?"

Sex and dating advice from a porn star? Where can I sign up?!

For more visit RaquelDevine.net.

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST OLDER WOMEN!

PHOTOS BY CHRIS STREAMS

Gerry (James Deen) and Elaina (Kristina Rose) relive the **Seinfeld** days.

*Oh, mama! Crammer (Eric John) plunges into **XXX** with Sadie and Sasha.*

***Parody** gold: Ashlynn Brooke meets the Porn Nazi (Evan Stone).*

Seinfeld: A XXX Parody

NEW SENSATIONS. DIRECTOR: LEE ROY MEYERS. STARRING: KRISTINA ROSE, ASHLYNN BROOKE, SADIE WEST, SASHA GREY, CASSANDRA CALOGERA, NATALIE NORTON, LONDON KEYES, JAMES DEEN, ERIC JOHN, TONY DE SERGIO & EVAN STONE.

New Sensations has plunged into the porn spoof sweepstakes big-time, following its hit version of *The Office* by lampooning the most popular sitcom in history. Headed by James Deen as "Gerry," the cast attempts to approximate the gang's trademark quirks, with Kristina Rose in particular throwing herself into "Elaina's" body language. Evan Stone nearly steals the show as the Porn Nazi. ("No porn for you!") As for the fucking, if TV's Jerry and Elaine were this good together, they wouldn't have broken up. It has to be said that the director could have gotten more mileage out of sexual hangups. (Elaine would never have let Jerry come on her face without a nasty retort.) But it's amusing to see "Crammer" get drafted into a porn scene ("Giddy up!") and con "Gorge" into doing a scene with "Suzanne." Fans may wonder why she didn't get a lesbian scene! Kristina, at least, takes a dildo from Asian cutie London Keyes. Topping the guest star list is Ashlynn Brooke with a turn as Gerry's ultra-orgasmic girlfriend. Now *that's* spectacular! ***—M.J.***

Stacie Lane and Sabara take on the **Black Ass Master.**

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

The **Master** meets his match: Luscious Louis and Aryana Starr gang up.

BAM3: Amile Waters may be walking funny for a while.

Black Ass Master #3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: ALEXANDER DEVOE. STARRING: MYA G, PURSUAJON, STACIE LANE, SABARA, ARYANA STARR, LUSCIOUS LOUIS, AMILE WATERS, MARCO BANDERAS, RICO STRONG, PRINCE YAHSHUA & MARK WOOD.

Not every lady gets her butthole busted in this flick, so don't be misled by the title. However, there is plenty of panoramic black booty on offer, and creamy-skinned Sabara does open the second half of this double-disc by properly "gettin' her shit pushed in," as they say. The *Black Ass Master* series is already one of the black lines to beat (off to), and this installment may be the thickest so far. Superfine dime Stacie Lane nearly melts disc one, but Aryana Starr and Luscious Louis's scene on disc two is easily the standout when it comes to sheer strokable black beauty. The most entertaining vignette belongs to Amile Waters. Best known as a squirter (hence her nom de porn), adorable Amile treats us to one of her first attempts to swallow a big black cock with her sphincter. She winces, squeals and generally gives away the game that gettin' broke in ain't always a smooth ride. Call us nasty, but the scene is hot, and Amile gets punished for her beginner's fuck with a big glob of cum right in her eye. The *Master* can show no mercy. ***—M.J.***

Neighborly: Kayden Kross and Dani Jensen spend some quality ***Swing Time****.*

Swap this! Kayden shows her neighbor a good time.

Swing Time

ADAM & EVE PICTURES. DIRECTOR: DAVID LORD. STARRING: KAYDEN KROSS, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, HOLLY WEST, ANGELINA VALENTINE, SATIVA ROSE, DANI JENSEN, DERRICK PIERCE, BARRETT BLADE, NICK MANNING & MARCUS LONDON.

For some reason, letting strangers fuck your wife (or girlfriend) is a fad again, with orgiastic getaways in the Caribbean and new clubs sprouting up all over the country. It's a time-tested theme in porn, of course, so swinger smut always seems trendy and vintage at the same time. In this predictable slice of hedonism, Kayden Kross and her guy—who appropriately sports a "Trust Is Earned" tattoo (Kayden has apparently earned it with her ball-draining skills)—just happen to move into a neighborhood infested with *very* friendly inhabitants. The trusty couple is at first shocked when their neighbors whip out a dildo at their welcome party and start preaching about "open pairing." But before long they give in to Kagney Linn Karter's cock-teasing peer pressure (who wouldn't), and the semen is flowing as freely as the booze. Swinger flicks like this are easy, sleazy, couples-friendly fare, designed to help you convince your indignant other that it might be time to spice up your marriage by banging strangers. Good luck with that. ***—M.J.***

Swing*er Kagney Linn Karter shows us where the word "groovy" came from.*

National pastime: Monique Alexander and Latina pal Eva Angelina are **American Swingers.**

American Swingers

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: MONIQUE ALEXANDER, EVA ANGELINA, LORENA SANCHEZ, GABRIELLA ROSSI, ALEX GONZ, JUSTIN MAGNUM & TEE REEL.

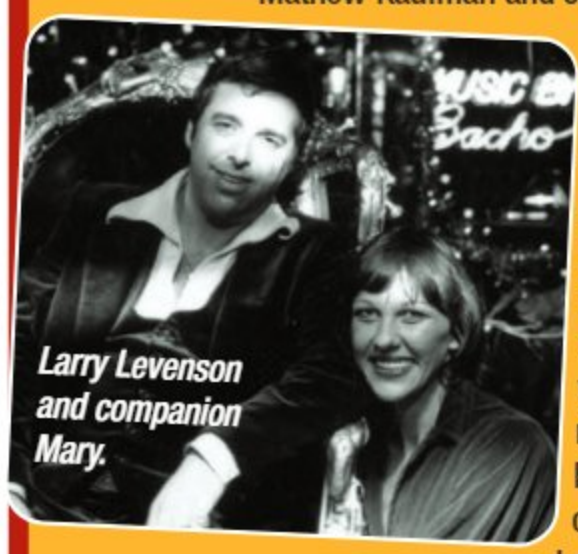
It's been said that swingers are just porn stars who don't get paid. They probably don't get tested as much either, so "the lifestyle" can be risky fun. But if you're a sex addict, you don't have a choice, do you? This swap-o-rama isn't as cheery as Adam & Eve's competing release *Swing Time*, but it has a little more sizzle thanks to an interracial cast. Black dude Tee Reel's boss wants to bang his workaholic employee's hot Latina wife (lovely cum-sponge Eva Angelina). Bucking for a raise, Reel relents. We have to admit, the setup is mildly intriguing: Would you give up your wife's pussy for a Cadillac? What about if it meant you could fuck Monique Alexander in the bargain? Uh huh, we thought so. As the movie winds on toward a somewhat-mysterious ending, the once-loyal wife finds her prediction coming true that sooner or later swinging gets "pretty weird." Apparently "weird" includes popping Gabriella Rossi's Brazilian poop chute. Ah, the sweet tunnel to hell. This flick may not be venerable director Paul Thomas's best, but we're giving his key party a three-quarter erect for the ethnic hors d'ouvres and, of course, for Monique's tight little ass. Let the swapping begin. ***—M.J.***

Welcome to the Orgy Room!

THE HILARIOUS NEW DOCUMENTARY *AMERICAN SWING* TAKES US BACK TO NEW YORK'S LEGENDARY 1970S SWINGER HAVEN PLATO'S RETREAT.

The legendary inner sanctum of Plato's Retreat.

Sure, there are plenty of whack-off flicks about swinging (check out our reviews of *American Swingers* and *Swing Time*), but if you want to know what banging other men's wives in the sleazy '70s was really like, watch this movie. Documentary filmmakers Mathew Kaufman and Jon Hart have put together an absurdly entertaining chronicle of a landmark club's rise and fall. Their film traces the entrepreneurial life of New York's original "King of Swing," Larry Levenson, whose dream was to fuck every woman within a 50-mile radius and figured the best way to start was to open a swingers club. Levenson rented a basement, filled it with a pool, a bar and a bunch of mattresses, and dubbed his "poor man's Playboy Mansion" Plato's Retreat.



Larry Levenson and companion Mary.

Charting the club's fun-loving heyday and eventual decline due to mob involvement and tax-dodging, *American Swing* is chock-full of rare archive footage, authentic characters you couldn't make up and priceless anecdotes. Plato's regulars (including Al Goldstein, Buck Henry and many more) regale us with stories about the crab-infested "bucket of worms" that was the Orgy Room, the "germ warfare" of the heated pool and the King of Swing's trials and tribulations as the sex missionary who "liberated Long Island and New Jersey." Viva la swing! ***—M.J.***

Penny Flame *will* **Guide** *you anywhere.*

Lexi Belle and Aiden Starr (inset) like it Rough.

Penny Flame's Expert Guide to Rough Sex

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: PENNY FLAME, MIA LELANI, LEXI BELLE, AIDEN STARR, MARK DAVIS, DERRICK PIERCE & DEVIN.

Here's one of the last opportunities to feast your eyes on the indelible cuteness that is Penny Flame. The porn star and pedagogue has left hard-core to rediscover her pre-porn self by checking into Dr. Drew's sex-addiction rehab. Okay, maybe it was just a better gig, but her new Web site (**BecomingJennie.com**) sure sounds sincere. If we're lucky, Penny will come back and do more sex-ed flicks like this one. She's a born teacher. After running through the do's and don'ts of slapping, choking, hair-pulling, etc., Penny shows us how to make a rough man happy. Yep, she's a sex addict, all right. She credibly admits she loves to be slapped (along with loving pretty much everything else). Her costars let us in on their own particular priorities as well, namely trust, eye contact and exactly when pain equals pleasure. We've seen nastier sex, but this is designed to teach you how to be rough without being a jerk. And it's fun watching Lexi Belle get choked until her eyes tear up and know she's enjoying every minute. When a chick leaves porn, we usually make some snotty comment like "She'll be back," but honestly, we wish Penny all the best wherever her journey takes her. ***—M.J.***

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Scarlett Faye is the movie brat gone bad in HUSTLER's Untrue Hollywood Stories: Lindsay Lohan.

Kitchen critic Veronica Rayne rates a sausage.

*Callie Dee and Kylee Reese heat up **Hell's Kitchen**.*

This Ain't Hell's Kitchen XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: MISSY STONE, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, VERONICA RAYNE, KYLEE REESE, CALLIE DEE, AIDEN STARR, ANTHONY ROSANO, BILLY GLIDE, KRIS SLATER & MARCUS LONDON.

You know that loud-mouthed Scottish fuck on TV who's always cursing out cooking students and making them cry into the soup? Well, it turns out he's been letting the hottest chefs-in-training score extra kitchen time by tenderizing his sausage! This movie blows the lid off what really goes on at *Hell's Kitchen*! The budding cooks "who will do anything to win" are doing everything from licking each other's clams to making the sauce creamier with a special ingredient. When Kagney Linn Karter blows the service like the "fucking donkey" she is, she makes up for it by blowing the chef. Kagney is nice as an appetizer, but for our money the jaw-dropping Veronica Rayne—as a snooty food critic—is the sumptuous main course. Marcus London's impersonation of Gordon Ramsey could have been served up nastier, and our hoped-for food-fight sploshing scene never happened, but there's plenty of churning, basting and salivating over every hot dish. You fucking donkeys will get your fill. (Not that you fucking deserve it!) ***—M.J.***

Chef inspects Kagney Linn Karter's XXX produce.

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Undercover Lover

DANIELLE TRIXIE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

I think you really have to be creative with sex," coos the darling **Danielle Trixie**. "I like to dress up in different outfits, wear wigs, have sex in new and daring places and explore every position. Sex with me is a journey. Missionary in a bedroom? Please! That's for your parents. Doing it in a glass elevator while wearing nothing but a trench coat? That's the way to go!

"Foreplay is so important," **Danielle** insists. "Most guys are in such a rush to just stick it in that they miss out on the other pleasure possibilities. Lick me all over. I'll return the favor. Work me into a frenzy with your fingers. I'll make sure your every desire is fulfilled. Get me to the point of orgasm, and then you can pound me hard. Trust me, the hunt is as hot as the kill."

"I am willing to do *anything* to please my lover," the tempting Texan avows. "Anything! If he's into S&M, I'll try it. If he wants to fool around in a threesome with me and my girlfriend? I'll bring her home for a night of lust. As long as he knows I'm the number one in his life, we're good."

DANIELLE TRIXIE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Lewisville, Texas | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 119

What are the filly's hobbies? "Why would you ask me that?!" **Danielle** howls. "Do you really think your readers care about anything but sex? I don't. My hobbies are sex, sex and more sex!"

MANDI

"I hope lots of people get turned on looking at my sexy ass, tight na-na and all the rest!"

"Being in a top-notch magazine is the chance of a lifetime," marvels Kentucky-born Mandi, 27, a topless dancer residing in Killeen, Texas. "I want everyone to see me! Being able to turn heads with my body is a blessing, and it's a turn-on that men looking at my pictures may want to do more!" Eager to fuel fantasies, the "open-minded, caring, down-to-earth, passionate and forgiving" hottie discloses, "I am bi. I love females, exploring each other with our eyes and body parts. However, I can't live without males and the real thing! I'm very seductive in bed. I love missionary, doggy-style and anal with a special someone, and the rougher the better! Grab me, choke me, throw me down and make me yours!" No wonder the 5-foot-4 centerfold hopeful—whose other kicks include football, basketball, movies, cartoons (*The Simpsons*, *King of the Hill*), go karts and music videos—abides by HUSTLER's mantra, "Relax, it's just sex!" Now that she's done the deed in a church parking lot and at an automatic car wash, hard-rockin' Mandi waxes, "My fantasy is to have hot, sweaty sex in the middle of a Downsiid concert while my buds are playing my favorite song, and no one cares! Wow, I'm getting horny now!" —Photos by Friend

"I want to find a man who'd be proud to show me off—and faithfully get me off!"

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

TABBY KAT

"I would be so excited if you put my pictures in your magazine," says this "very outgoing" housewife from Clintwood, Virginia. "I secretly looked at *Beaver Hunt* in hubby's HUSTLERs. He approved, and it was all go. I'll do anything to make my husband happy." Tabby Kat, who'll be 25 in December, enjoys camping, fishing and hunting, not to mention her "awesome, steaming-hot sexual relationship with my husband." Heating up, the 5-foot-9 feline continues, "I like to dress up in cute little outfits and tease him for a while until I can't take it anymore. My favorite position is doggy-style. I love when my husband pounds my pussy from behind and smacks my ass. My fantasy would be to find a very sexy, very kinky woman to rock my world while my husband watches, then let him join in. We'd take turns riding and sucking until he explodes all over us. That would be great." Tabby Kat's a great wife. Happy birthday! —Photos by Husband

EMMA

Born in Taiwan, this becoming 34-year-old is a nurse in the heart of Texas—Austin, that is. Watching movies, traveling and motorsports are some of Emma's leisure activities, but it looks like modeling nude may become a new favorite. When lying all alone in bed, the 5-foot-4 bush babe fantasizes about "having sex with my boyfriend on a riverboat." —Photo by Friend

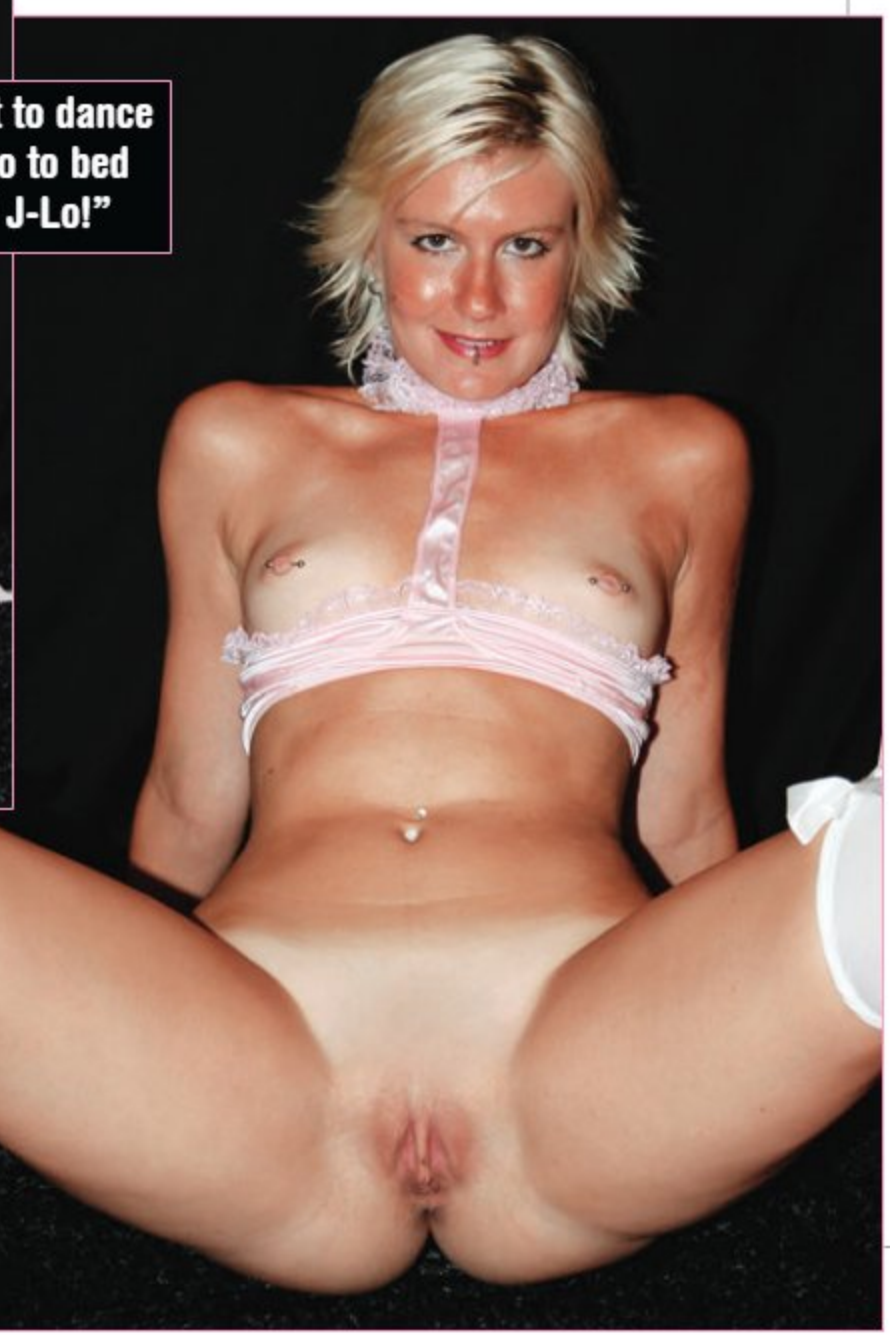
"I'm a you-can-have-whatever-you-like girl."

NORMA JEAN

"I'm hot, and I love my body," raves this aspiring "world-famous actress" from Lahaina, Hawaii. "I want to share it with everyone. I want to be the next Marilyn Monroe." To say the least, 21-year-old Norma Jean—whose short list of pastimes is "surfing, sewing and boys"—is as ambitious as she is delectable. "I'm very flirtatious and occasionally bi," the 5-foot-7 newbie tells us. "Whatever needs to be done to get me to Hollywood!" In the meantime, Norma Jean has done an admirable job getting herself into Larry Flynt's flagship magazine. And, man, is she into sex! "I love reverse cowgirl," the 34C-cupper chirps. "I also love giving head. Anal is okay too. Guys can do whatever they want and come wherever they want. But I like to be pleased first, then I'll take care of them. And, yes, I'll take care of myself. I have a great sex life, but I masturbate all the time. I can never have enough orgasms." Norma Jean—who also adores Italian food, *That '70s Show* and rapper I.T.—wraps up her showcase with gusto: "I'm determined to join the Mile High Club!" —Photos by Friend

HEAVEN LEE

This hotel security guard from Schenectady, New York, is a role-playing aficionada with a closetful of costumes and a laundry list of personal interests. "I like motorcycling, roller-skating, swimming, riding shotgun with a truck driver pal, metaphysics, psychic phenomena, tarot cards and astrology," states Heaven Lee, 43. Although steadfastly seeking commitment, the 5-foot-4 single gal doesn't shy away from carnal paradise. "I really love sex," Heaven Lee admits, "especially mish. Most guys I know prefer doggy-style because of my hearty behind, and I'm all for it, but I really like looking into a lover's eyes during penetration." Apt to be "kinky and aggressive," Heaven Lee hoots, "One of my fantasies is finding a man who likes being on the receiving end of anal sex as much as I do." —Photos by Friend



OCEAN

"Nudity is a beautiful thing," touts this 27-year-old photographer's assistant from Venice, California. "I'm very comfortable showing off my body." Well-rounded in various ways, Ocean reveals, "I enjoy hiking, camping, drinking beer on the beach, surfing, hip-hop music, hanging out with my friends or just staying home. I love scary, gory movies, Jim Carrey and Will Ferrell comedies, every Stanley Kubrick film—I have his collection—and *South Park*. I'm also into enlightening, inspiring books like *The Four Agreements: A Practical Guide to Personal Freedom* and *The Celestine Prophecy*, and I love every Stephen King novel I've read." For an amorous finale the 5-foot-7 seductress fesses up, "I'm always willing to try new things and new girls. I'm very bi, aggressive and adventurous." —Photos by Friend

SATANA

"I'm a big tease," professes this photographer's housekeeper from Hilton Head, South Carolina. "It's fun playing hard to get." But Satana will budge now and then. Obliging her employer by posing nude for the first time ever, the "hyper, always in a good mood" Rob Zombie fan can take being a tease to the ultimate level while bidding farewell to teendom in all her mouth-watering glory. "I'll be 20 on December 2," notes the 5-foot-6 neophyte, "and seeing myself naked in your magazine will be a sweet birthday present." Satana—who's keen on *Bad Girls Club*, pepperoni pizza and "hanging out with my friends at the beach"—spices things up by divulging, "I'm a lady on the street, and I go to church every Sunday, but I'm a freak in the sheets. Make me come and I'll cry 'Hallelujah!' I'm so naughty!" Dare we say devilish? —Photos by Friend

"I love being taken from behind!"

"My sexual fantasy is to have a threesome with Marilyn Manson and Rob Zombie's wife; she's hot!"

MS. JESSICA

"Being naked in HUSTLER is exciting," declares this 36-year-old Canadian from Abbotsford, British Columbia. "I didn't think I'd get picked because I thought I was too old." Describing herself as "smart, compassionate, open, aggressive and kinky," the 5-foot-8, 42DDD-28-36 "financial administrator with a secret life" is certainly bold. "I am a single mother of three," Ms. Jessica relates, "and in my spare time I read, cook, watch monster movies, interact with my Internet fans and deeply need a daily dose of sex. I love big cocks and hot girls. I'm the West Coast express to oral pleasure." Ms. Jessica, whose fave book is *Chicken Soup for the Soul*, soulfully adds, "I really enjoy public sex, and I don't care who's watching. In fact, I want guys to watch and get so fucking turned on, they dump their loads on me." And what a chestful of fantasies! "I'd love to have one-on-one phone and cam sex with Larry Flynt," Ms. Jessica owns up. "Since I'm so into anal sex, I also fantasize about gang-bangs; I'd love to be passed around and used, having every hole filled with cum!" —Photos by Boyfriend

JAIMIE

Who'd ever guess that this pint-sized MILF from Lynchburg, Tennessee, will be turning 32 on December 4? "Whenever my husband goes out of town on business," confides Jaimie, who shares a b-day with her heartthrob Morianna Morgue, "I masturbate to memories of sucking his fat cock before falling asleep with a pacifier in my mouth." Also big on "playing guitar, writing songs, teasing men, fucking girls and getting butt naked in my backyard," the 4-foot-10 "diagnosed nympho" bellows, "Christ on a cross, I love taking naked pics and sending them to HUSTLER!" Reader-attentive editors on a mission, we can't resist showcasing Jaimie in her fave attire: "My birthday suit," the Dixie cutie pie asserts. Now blow out those candles, baby! —Photos by Husband

MORIANNA

Maybe this "freaky nympho hippie" from Bloomington, Indiana, will someday grace our *Famous Flesh* section, having recently attained horror-movie stardom. But even in the wake of the Juggalette's cinematic debut in *Lethal Obsession*—"dying horribly in an awesome way"—mesmerizing Morianna Morgue is quite content to tear off her duds for another batch of sexy pics. "I get off opening my box for Larry Flynt and all his readers," coos the 5-foot-4 "*GTA,* cocksucking, bondage and anal sex" devotee. Sharing a December 4 birthday with her gal pal Jaimie, the dreamboat digs baring it all here, and who are we to stop her? Happy 23rd, Morianna! —Photos by Friend

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* competitions want you! Every gal whose images are printed in HUSTLER Magazine gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *Real College Girls* are entitled to a 12-issue subscription to HUSTLER. If interested, fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation and pics. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt,* 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below. ☐

City | State | Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $250 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

In its sole discretion, LFP Publishing Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, may elect to post the Images submitted by the Model on its Internet Web site currently located at BeaverHunt.com instead of publishing them in HUSTLER Magazine. In that case, the Model agrees to accept as full consideration for such posting six months of free membership and benefits in said BeaverHunt.com Web site.

AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER: _____(PRINT NAME)

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Note: Prize money sent to model only.

SHADOW PUP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BAES

MARCH 1977

HUSTLER CLASSIC

PET

MAGGIE

Finding **Maggie** propped unceremoniously on a sofa or easy chair, you might think of her as a puppet left lying about and forgotten in between playtimes. Hidden in the moody shadows, she comes to life only when you pull her strings. It takes a man's hands to change her droopy frown into an expression of womanly passion.

Each nook and cranny, only half-filled with sunlight, is the setting for your puppet play. **Maggie** can be positioned by touch, and as you move from shade to sunlight, she unfolds as a different character.

You can bounce her about and hurriedly change her costumes to suit her many moods: aloof or mysterious. Stubborn or playful.

A puppet like **Maggie** does not belong alone and tucked away in some dark corner. She belongs at the fingertips of a skilled puppeteer.

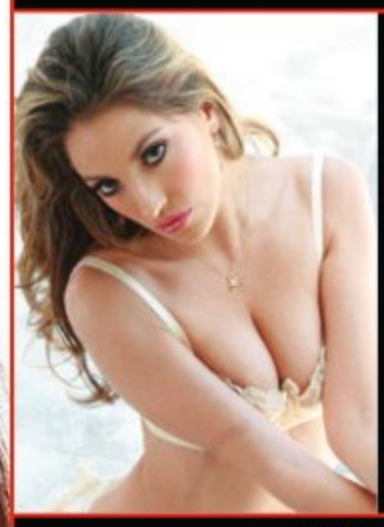
The Holiday '09 issue on sale October 27, 2009. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

ALETTA OCEAN

COMING NEXT

MANCOW: GOY TO THE WORLD!

During a sobering journey to the Holy Land, radio personality Mancow Muller soaks up the historic sites, venerable traditions and long-simmering tensions with a grain of salt. Why not? This is where the Bible says Armageddon will occur, but Mancow has more crucial battles to wage right now.



A DAY IN THE LIFE: PORN SUPERSTAR JENNA HAZE

Following up a cosmic stint in HUSTLER Video's *This Ain't Star Trek XXX*, Jenna Haze allows freelance writer M. Allen Nathan to not only observe the consummate trouper hard at work but to also explore her mind. Find out how a onetime directionless bad girl became the adult industry's Female Performer of the Year.

JON AND KATE HUSTLER-STYLE

As the reality TV couple's marriage hits the skids and their show teeters on cancellation, cartoonist Noel Anderson comes to the rescue with his latest boob tube parody. Tune in to *Jon and Kate Plus Hate!* It's way more hilarious than divorce court.

OIL EXPERT MIKE RUPPERT'S DIRE FORECAST

According to best-selling author Mike Ruppert, the meltdown of our economy, the shredding of the Constitution and the corporate media's dumbing down of the American people all stem from the fact that we are running out of oil. In an excerpt from his latest book, *A Presidential Energy Policy*, Ruppert warns that the death knell of human industrialized civilization is closer than you thought.

POWERFUL COUGARS WE'D LOVE TO SEE NAKED

In HUSTLER's 35 years of existence, convincing female officeholders to pose nude has been a mission impossible. Since offering vast sums of money hasn't worked, we found something that did. You're sure to howl when you see what's in store for some of America's most prominent broads.

PATRICE MURCIANO: ROBOT LOVE

Inspired by his passion for beautiful women and science fiction, Patrice Murciano has created a futuristic universe inhabited by alluring robots, androids and steampunk damsels. As you'll discover in a sampling of the Frenchman's collection—a medley of surreal paintings and computer-generated art—*Blade Runner*-esque babes rule.